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THE PACIFIC

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Volume XLIX

Number 11

Just for To-day.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray ;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray,
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to urge my will,
Prompt to obey ;
Help me to mortify the flesh
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say ;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

—Canon Wülberforce.

THE PACIFIC

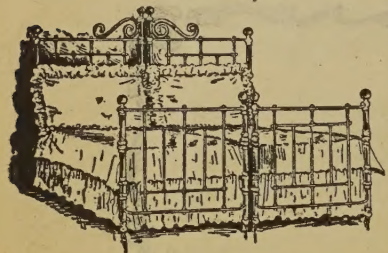
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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, 15 March: 1900

The Only Rest.

The meal unshared is food unblest,
Thou hoarest in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; the only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

The Cape-to-Cairo railway project in Africa originated with Tom Livingstone, a son of Dr. David Livingstone, the great missionary and explorer. It has often been ascribed to Cecil Rhodes. That railway scheme will be an accomplished fact some day, and it will do great things for Africa. So will David Livingstone's life through that and other ways go on in great beneficence to that land to which he consecrated himself. There was a time when Livingstone might have returned to England and lived in great ease and honor. But Africa, he believed, still needed him; and so turning away from Stanley as he was about to start on his return journey that heroic soul pressed on into the wilds of that great dark continent until his heart found rest at last in the jungles of Ilala. Toiling and dying as Livingstone did for his beloved Africa he became an inspiration to others to press on after him to win that land to civilization and to Christ. His prayer was, as he toiled on, that he might be allowed to finish his work. And he did finish that which was given unto him to do. Often men have had to die in order that they might win. It was after the life of Jesus of Nazareth had gone out on Calvary that he became the influence which was to go on in its increase until he had won the world to himself. It seems especially fit and just that in the work which followed close upon that of David Livingstone in Africa it should have come to his son to originate a plan supremely calculated to advance the interests of that vast continent.

The Rev. Dr. E. D. Morris, for many years until recently professor of Systematic Theol-

ogy in Lane Seminary, at Cincinnati, has written a volume of 858 octavo pages which is said to be an exhaustive summary of the Reformed Theology. It will be published soon. It is said that it was offered to the Presbyterian Board of Publication, but was refused by its manager, Dr. Craven, for fear it might be regarded by one wing of the Church as seriously erroneous. The Chicago Interior is of opinion that Dr. Craven did not examine the proof sheets, but decided upon general principles. Reference is made by the Interior to a dog reported to have scented a brace of ducks across a mile of water and through the solid oak sides of a ship, and the claim is made that it can beat the record and produce an example of errancy-smelling across seven hundred miles of land where there was no errancy, and the suggestion is made that Professor McKim issue a new edition of his book and state that 204 instead of 203 persons out of every thousand have a morbid fear of ghosts. All who had the pleasure of sitting under Dr. Morris' teachings at Lane will welcome this contribution to our theological literature. As a New School theologian, and as a man of commanding influence in his years of activity, in Presbyterian circles, and more widely, it was given to him to have large part in turning Christian thought to doctrinal positions more tenable than those taught in some of the schools. But it would puzzle the most conservative of the persons trained in New England theology to find anything objectionable in the teachings of Dr. Morris. This, as we remember them at Lane about a dozen years ago.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer said recently in London that as many people had been converted by personal solicitation as by the public preaching of the gospel. This is valuable testimony, well worth remembering by all Christian workers.

Some Points in Congregational History.

The Congregational church in the United States having the largest membership is only twenty-five years old. It is the Tompkins Avenue of Brooklyn, New York. Its membership a few weeks ago was 2,273. Since its organization in 1875 it has received 4,043 members. It has two Sunday-schools, numbering 3,512 officers, teachers and scholars. In 1898 its total benevolences were \$31,615, of which amount \$11,322 were for Home Missions. Every one of the Congregational Societies is represented in the Year Book by four figures. The Rev. S. M. Free'land, so well known now on the Pacific Coast, was pastor of this church some years ago. Congregationalism in Greater New York does not date back much farther than it does in California. The oldest church of our polity now existent there is a Welsh one organized in 1825; the Broadway Tabernacle dates from 1840; the church of the Pilgrims from 1844; Plymouth from 1847. No churches of any denomination have exerted a more commanding influence in American Christianity than Broadway Tabernacle, the church of the Pilgrims and Plymouth. For nearly three score years the Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson stood a tower of strength in the Tabernacle pulpit, and then came that incomparable Scotch preacher, Dr. William M. Taylor, who made that pulpit for twenty years famous the world over. The Rev. Dr. Storrs a short time ago laid down in the church of the Pilgrims the work carried on by him as its pastor for forty-four years—for very many of which he stood as the greatest man in the American pulpit. Plymouth was led to its far-reaching fame and influence by our greatest pulpit orator, Henry Ward Beecher.

Men of eminence in the gospel ministry stand in the pulpits of these great churches today, and they bid fair to repeat during the next half-century the achievements of the last half.

It is gratifying to know that Congregationalism has, through these and other churches of influence in Greater New York, retrieved the losses of earlier years. Thirty-five is not a large number for so great a city, being less than half our number in Chicago, but the influence of many is far-reaching. Noting recently the passing of the seventeenth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Behrends

of the Central church, Brooklyn, the New York Evangelist, a Presbyterian paper of seventy-one years' existence, said: "His Brooklyn ministry has not only been one of power and great usefulness in his own congregation, but of leadership in Christian thought and work throughout his denomination and much more widely."

Owing to the disastrous plan of union and disappearances for other causes Congregationalism does not show a large number of churches of great age in the whole State of New York. And only a few date back beyond the year 1800. The oldest is at Orient, organized in 1735; the second in age now has as its pastor the Rev. E. Lyman Hood, well known to many of the readers of The Pacific. It is situated at Aquebogue, on Long Island, and dates from 1750.

St. Patrick's Day.

Saint Patrick has his day again, or will have it on Saturday. And this day he will continue to have as long as the Roman Catholic church is in existence. This patron saint of Ireland was not born in Ireland, but along by the Clyde in Scotland, a country at the time of his birth under Roman rule; and he may be correctly classed as a Romano-Scotchman. There is no evidence to substantiate the Roman Catholic claim that Patrick, before entering upon his work in Ireland, visited Rome and was commissioned for the work by the pope.

Stolen from his home by pirates at the age of sixteen Patrick was carried to Ireland and sold to a chief among the Irish people, who put him in his fields to feed cattle. Here, conditioned somewhat as the Prodigal Son, his misfortunes turned his thoughts toward God. He says, in his confessions, concerning himself at this period: "When I came to Ireland and had daily charge of the cattle, I prayed many times a day; the fear of God and love to him was increasingly kindled in me; faith grew in me so that in one day I offered a hundred prayers, and at night almost as many; and when I passed the night in the woods or on the mountains I rose up to pray in the snow, ice, and rain before daybreak." Concerning himself before his captivity, he says: "I did not know the true God; and I was taken to Ireland in captivity with many thousand men, in accordance with our deserts, because

we departed from God, and kept not his precepts, and were not obedient to our priests who admonished us for our salvation."

Escaping finally from captivity, Patrick returned to Scotland, where he lived for several years. Again carried into captivity he was detained but a short time, and not long after this second captivity he felt called to return to Ireland to proclaim to that people the gospel. It is thought that he set out on this mission in the year 431; and, according to some of his biographers, at an age now considerably past the ministerial dead-line. If not sixty years old, as many think, he was at least very near to fifty, but the best part of his life was yet before him. A shower of stones greeted him and his companions when they set foot on Irish soil, but faith and love began soon to win, and before he died in his seventy-eighth year he had planted the Cross all over Ireland, having organized three hundred and sixty-five churches, baptized twelve thousand persons and ordained four hundred and fifty bishops and a large number of priests.

By Patrick and his successors Ireland was dotted with monasteries, which became centers of Christian learning and devotion, whose influence ere long was felt throughout the world. The venerable Bede writes of nobles and students going from the island of Britain and seeking in these monasteries the education that hospitable people, led and trained by this great apostle, furnished them at the cost of the nation. It was at one of these Irish monasteries that Columban of Scotland was trained for the doing of that great work which has given him place among the leaders of the church universal. And it was from Columban's famous monastery on the little island of Iona that Christianity was introduced into Scotland and the North of England.

It is not surprising that a large number of legends have attached themselves to the work of this patron saint of Ireland. Patrick did not float to Ireland on an altar-stone, as the legendary has it. He did not turn a man into a wolf, nor kindle a fire with icicles. On his approach to the island he did not, by the sign of the cross, drive away a ring of devils gathered all around to prevent his landing. Nor did he by "the staff of Jesus" drive the serpents and noxious insects from that land. But it was by the Cross that he conquered. He

held up the Cross of Christ, having a theology simple and evangelical, both his preaching and his writings being full of Christ and the Scriptures. It was his life in Christ that enabled him to drive out the demons of evil, to win the land from paganism, and to give it material blessings theretofore unknown.

With such achievement as this Patrick of Ireland is well worthy his day in the circle of the year. But with history showing no connection between Rome and the Irish church at that early period, he belongs, not to one branch of the Church of Christ, but to the Church universal.

The Congregational churches make only one of the great working forces of Christendom that are lifting the world up into the light and life of God. There are other great churches engaged in this work. We believe it to be important for Congregationalists to keep in touch with these other churches and to be acquainted with their movements and achievements. "Nothing makes a denomination so small as to set it off by itself," said a noted Christian leader. "Nothing so shrivels its usefulness as to confine its life and interest within its own bounds. The church, whether it be a particular church or a denomination, that lives for itself, shall die." For such reasons as these The Pacific gives attention to important happenings and utterances within the borders of all the religious denominations. The page entitled "Among the Churches" is especially for this purpose. It is gratifying to learn from various sources that it is read each week with interest by a large number of our readers.

Professor Agar Beet is giving in London a series of lectures to Sunday-school teachers on "The Firm Foundation of the Christian Faith." It will be his aim to clear away the fog of uncertainty hanging over many of the great fundamental truths of religion in the minds of many Christian workers. Less indefiniteness, more positiveness, are demanded for successful Sunday-school work.

The London Missionary Society laments a dearth of candidates for service in foreign mission fields.

Some good testimony for "coffee saloons" appears in this issue of The Pacific.

Notes.

The Rev. Raymond C. Brooks of Eugene, Oregon, is expected to arrive in Oakland the latter part of this week, to assume the pastorate of Pilgrim church.

The Rev. E. T. Ford of Harwichport, Massachusetts, has been called to the pastorate of the First church of Tacoma for one year. Mr. Ford was ordained in 1897 and called the same year to the church at Harwichport.

Mrs. Susan Merrill Farnum, widely known among the readers of *The Pacific* through her work in the Woman's Board of Missions, and in other good ways and works, favors us this week with a letter written in Jerusalem. In a personal letter Mrs. Farnum writes that she expects to be in Naples in April.

The number of Chinese Christians actively connected with the Congregational missions in California was 416 when the last annual report was made. Their total offerings for Christian work at home and abroad were \$390.83 for the last fiscal year. Presumably these offerings were made by the 416 persons actively engaged in Christian work at the different missions, and not by any of the 216 absentees. This is an average of nearly ten dollars a member, and is worthy of special note.

The miner who reached Seattle last week direct from Nome brought good news from that winter-bound town. When he left Nome on the 10th of December there had been only twenty deaths out of a population of 3,200. Nearly all of the sick improved with the setting in of winter. Fuel was plentiful, and provisions also, with the exception of milk. This comes as especially good news to all who are interested in the welfare of the Congregational missionaries and hospital workers at Nome.

Prof. James P. McNaughton, who is in charge of the educational work of the American Board in Smyrna, Turkey, comes to our Coast this week. He speaks in the Congregational church in Sacramento this Wednesday evening, at the Pacific Theological Seminary on Friday afternoon, at the Plymouth Congregational church, this city, Sunday morning, Berkeley First church Sunday evening, and will address the Ministers' Meeting at headquarters on Monday next. He is also to speak in Salem, Ore., on Thursday evening of next week, and at Forest Grove the evening following. On Sunday morning, the 25th, he is to speak in the First church, Portland, and in the evening in the Hassalo church. The following Thursday evening he will be at Tacoma, and on Sunday, April 1st, in Plymouth church, Seattle.

The "Morning Star," the missionary ship of our American Board, arrived in this port on

Wednesday of last week, after a pleasant passage of forty-three days from Kusaie, Caroline Islands. She did the usual touring, though somewhat abbreviated, through the Marshall and the Caroline Islands, enabling the missionaries to visit the churches, and taking scholars to their homes, and teachers to their work. The work generally is reported to be in good condition. Dr. Rife and family, who have charge of the Marshall Island Training School on Kusaie, are the only returning missionaries. They have come on their first furlough since going out in 1894. The *Star* did not touch at Ruk on her return trip, much to the disappointment of the missionaries there. Miss Beulah Logan of Ruk, in her severe illness, had been taken to Sydney on the steamer *Archer*, and is now in a private hospital there.

The San Francisco Call of Monday reported what was termed by that paper "a meeting of the Angelical Board" of the Christian or Disciple churches of this city. We are unable to determine whether the Call has used the word "angelical" for "evangelical" or whether this sister denomination actually has some church board which it regards as so partaking of the nature or dignity of angels as to deserve this appellation. Were it not for the fact that these earnest Christian people have taken especially to themselves the name "Christian," we should conclude at once that the Call had made a mistake in the use of adjectives. We are reminded in this connection of the remarks of a small boy to a pompous elder, who, on his arrival in a certain town had asked: "Say, bub, are there any Christian churches in this town?" "Yeth, thir," promptly lisped the youngster, "there are five Christian churches in this town and one Campbellite."

The ecclesiastical council called by the Market Street church, Oakland, was not expected to advise as to whether the pastoral relations between the church and the Rev. Mac H. Wallace ought to be dissolved. It was called simply to inquire into the proceedings looking towards a dissolution, and if found in accordance with Congregational usage to acquiesce in the same. Mr. Wallace's resignation having been accepted by the church, the council took pleasure in returning a finding of the most cordial relations existing between pastor and people. Mr. Wallace was commended to our churches as an earnest and able preacher of the gospel, and both himself and church people were mentioned in the findings of the council as showing great loyalty and faithfulness to all the interests of the church throughout the pastorate. It is hoped that ere another minister enters upon this important work the indebtedness on the church building may be so provided for that there will be less to discourage a pastor than there has been during the period that Mr. Wallace has served it.

Chronicle and Comment.

Our Oregon correspondent has some suggestions this week as to the proposed Pacific Coast Congress.

The Rev. Dr. Bishop of Honolulu has an interesting and able article in the last New York Independent on "Hawaii Since Annexation." It shows considerable progress for twenty months, and a promising outlook for the future. Naturally, there is some apprehension as to the kind of government Congress will give to those people. Dr. Bishop pleads for a property qualification for suffrage. We note with gratification the statement that Hawaii has "a large body of men of wealth, who are characteristically generous in their benevolence, and a good proportion of them earnest Christians," who have the progress of Christ's kingdom at heart, "and do not withhold their substance from his service." Having men of such spirit Hawaii is likely to exercise an ever-increasing influence for good in the countries on beyond her, and in every way to stand as a strong and beneficent link between our older Christian civilization here and that now being upbuilt in the Orient.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer of March 8th announced the sudden death in that city, on the 7th of March, of Rev. Joseph Adams, "an aged minister of the gospel and an apostle of divine healing." His death was supposed to be due to heart trouble. Mention of the deceased is as follows: "Adams was sixty-five years of age. He had lived in Seattle about a year, and since coming here had practiced divine healing. He styled himself 'pastor of everybody's church,' and his business cards described him as 'instructor and demonstrator in the art of living a healthy and happy life.' He is said to leave a widow living in Chicago. He has two sons in California, one of them in San Francisco, the other in Oakland. Before coming to Seattle he lived in Pasadena." The Joseph Adams mentioned is, in all probability, the one who, fifteen or twenty years ago, was a Congregational minister in this part of California. Later he became a Universalist. In Chicago, some years ago, he was prominent as a Christian Scientist. Five years ago he was at Pacific Grove for some length of time. He said there one night in prayer-meeting that he had arrived at that position in the Christian life in which he did not ask God for any blessing; he simply gave thanks for his blessings, which were to him innumerable. For several months Mr. Adams conducted services in the little church at Seaside. His life while in the Grove and at Seaside was such as to commend him to all with whom he came in contact.

Canada is regarded as the queen colony of the British Empire. In area she is greater

than France, Germany, Spain and Italy put together, and falls not very far behind the United States. A writer in the London Christian says: "Canada is the most loyal of all our colonies. Only those who have seen it can realize the white-heat devotion to throne and empire which magnetizes Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the observance of the Queen's birthday and other national anniversaries, in fiscal and postal reciprocity, and lately in sending the flower of her youth, equipped at her own cost, to fight the Queen's battles in far-off South Africa, Canada has always shown the way in her unselfish loyalty." Great Britain realizes of late as never before that there is a great future for this colony. It is true that the rigorous climate of the far North will forever render parts of that great territory uninhabitable, but it has natural resources such as will make it in time throughout a larger portion one of the most prosperous regions of the world. Of especial advantage to Great Britain in the future will be her possession of British Columbia. Looking out across Pacific waters British Columbia affords to Great Britain a strong vantage point for influence in the Orient. It is not surprising that many measures have been taken latterly to multiply and strengthen the bonds between this colony and the mother country. There is being carried on now in England a juvenile emigration work, which is both for this purpose and for the rescuing of boys from the environment of the crowded and corrupt life of some of her great cities. It is not a new work, for it was begun at least thirty years ago. But it appeals to that people with greater power than heretofore, inasmuch as they see now the value of all Canada as they did not see it aforesaid, and the changed lives of the boys sent out in the past beckon them to open up for yet others the avenue to success and usefulness in life.

Any one having missionary letters or published articles by Mrs. Arthur H. Smith of P'ang Chuang, China, of other dates than those named below will confer a favor by sending them to Mrs. A. P. Peck, 819 Fifteenth street, Oakland, Cal.

Dates of letters *not* wanted:

January 10 and 20, 1889 (to her mother).

February, 1890 (to Miss Porter).

December 14 and 21, 1891 (or '92), to Mrs. Spooner.

"A Station Class," Dayspring, March, 1895.

"A Chinese Home," Mission Studies, May 1896.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean speaks in very complimentary terms of the Rev. Dr. Goodwin, who resigned recently the pastorate of the First Congregational church of that city. We quote in part: "He came to Chicago on Jan.

1, 1868, and almost from the first exercised a wide influence through his stalwart patriotism and his unflinching orthodoxy. The First church has been, under Dr. Goodwin's leadership, a potent factor in the city's progress, and there will be in all churches and among the people at large regret that failing health compels the retirement of this veteran of fine conscience, firm faith, and courageous speech. There is need of such men."

Among the Churches.

Members of the Brick church, New York, have presented their former pastor, Dr. Van Dyke, \$30,000 with which to buy a home in Princeton, or to be used as he may wish to use it.

It is likely that the Second Presbyterian church of Pittsburg has had the largest number of additions to membership during the last two years of any church in this country. The number is 528, and a majority were men.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Maclaren of England completed recently his seventy-fourth year. He is still a man of great power in the pulpit. Many American people know him through his articles in the Sunday-school Times.

Many California people remember the Rev. S. S. Palmer, for several years the successful pastor of the Brooklyn Presbyterian church, Oakland. He has been in Columbus, Ohio, about a year and a half, and during that time has welcomed 134 persons into church membership.

Among the sums of money the American Unitarian Association would like to secure speedily is one to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, to enable the Association to lay the foundation of a new school for the training of ministers at Berkeley in connection with the University of California.

The Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong is quoted as having expressed the opinion that nothing short of federal interference can keep the Mormon influence from becoming supreme in every state west of the Mississippi. We do not think the danger so great as that. But it is evident that Mormonism is aggressive and is gaining recruits rapidly wherever its missionaries are working.

The Methodist Episcopal churches of the United States have been asked by the bishops to set apart the days from March 25th to April 1st as a season of fasting and abstinence, and of prayer. They are asked to assemble in public worship at least once a day, and in private and family prayer, to implore a work of grace throughout all their borders. Among the

things to be prayed for is a family altar in every home.

The Rev. R. M. Patterson of Philadelphia continues to write in the Presbyterian papers in favor of a change on the part of the churches in policy and comity. Referring to the Methodist churches in that city, he says: "Some time ago official reports were secured of the attendance on a most favorable Sabbath in the Methodist churches. In the seventy-five heard from, while six had over 500, the average attendance in the morning was 229; and 20 of the 75 had less than one hundred present!" He says further that he suspects that other denominations will make a similar showing; and that when is considered the fact that 39 per cent of the Presbyterian churches in the strong Synod of Pennsylvania are not self-supporting, it will be seen that the question is not a local one.

Revival in Berkeley.

While many are wasting time in the effort to prove that the day for revivals is past, the Berkeley Young Men's Christian Association has proven, by its work, that revivals are not a thing of the past. For several weeks groups of students had been meeting in prayer, and when Mr. C. C. Michener, one of the International Secretaries of the Y. M. C. A., came to speak to the men of the University, the Association was prepared for his coming. He addressed four large gatherings of students on successive evenings. Mr. Michener took none of the time to explain that the Bible was largely mythology, etc., but in a clear-cut way presented the plain teachings of the Scriptures, the sinfulness of men and their need of a Savior. He spoke of the temptations of student life and of Jesus Christ as the only one who could help men successfully to meet life's demands. Men need a new life within, not simply the cutting off of a bad habit. Correct the inner life and the evil habits will go. As a result of the personal work of the Y. M. C. A. men of the University, Mr. Michener's addresses and personal interviews, some twenty men, for the first time, confessed Christ as their personal Savior, and as many more indifferent Christians were awakened to their privileges and responsibilities. The closing service on Sunday night in which more than thirty men gave testimony was one of mighty impressiveness.

Mr. Michener appealed to the manhood of men and presented the old gospel in its fullness. If there were more of such appeal to men and less of apology and "higher criticism," the number of men in the church would be greater than it is.

The University Y. M. C. A. proposes to continue the work by constant and systematic personal effort to win men to Jesus Christ.

A Disjointed Confession.

By A. P. Reacher.

4. "My father worketh * and I work."

Jesus' companionship with his Father is illustrated in the quotation at the head of this chapter and in the purpose which it expresses. The Master dignified the relation of fatherhood by revealing God as our Father, and he also helped us to a better ideal of sonship, both temporal and eternal. There was one lesson that I learned from my father which remains with me as an abiding possession. He was a carpenter, a journeyman and never anything more, although he had the knowledge of a master workman, but he lacked courage to advance himself. He was an old-fashioned carpenter, one who could do all the work in building a house, such as stair building and cabinet work. He had a gentle scorn for the new-fangled workmen who do only one thing well. He used to say that the old times were better; he felt that the coming of machines made everything cheap—the workmen first and cheapest. He took great pride in the finish of his work, and therefore he was left behind in the race, because the new times demanded a quick finish and cheap joints. But all this was gall to him. His "crack-a-dilla" at a joint that yawned the least and his "squint-a-tator" at an edge which the "long-jointer" had played him false, were very expressive and as good as volumes of refined disgust.

Now it was my good fortune to be allowed to work in my father's shop and with him as well. He had two kits of tools and I could use one of them; and if in my eagerness to work I took one of his set, then there was trouble for the apprentice. But he enjoyed having me with him, taught me the names of the different tools and how to use them, instructed me as to the care of them and the bad work a poor or dull tool makes. Moreover, I greatly enjoyed working with him, and the shop and the tools lost half their interest when he was away. And I have noticed that, many times since, with my own boy. I told him to pick up some sticks, one day, and I observed that he was anxious to be where I was, and so I said, "Come on, let us get this done now," and he ran before me and wanted to do it all, so I left him when the work was nearly done and told him to finish; but he was close at my heels in a minute and I found that he had not cleaned up the work. He wanted to be with papa, he said, when I asked him about it.

And is it not so with our Heavenly Father? If not, I have lost one of the chief joys of my life. I am sure that the boy of twelve who was found in the temple in Jerusalem, who said, "Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" voiced the sense of the eternal

sonship. And every one who has the spirit of filial love is anxious to be with the Father, to be doing the work of the Father, and to help the Father to do the work that is needing to be done. The earthly relationship illustrates the heavenly, and in my own experience that lesson has been of great comfort and enlightenment. Does it not become a test of sonship, this desire to work with the Father in the great purposes of his grace? And does not the man stand self-confessed as prodigal, if not profligate, who finds the Father's work irksome and distasteful?

On the other hand, God has plainly said in many ways that he wants us to work with him. He has put the same tools which he uses into our hands. Now, that does not make us the same as gods. We use the same tools and are under instruction as to how to use them, but we make poor work of it, with joints that must seem an offense to the eye of the Master Workman, and surfaces that show the plane marks, with lack of care and love of ease written in hieroglyphics all over them. It is a man's autobiography, after all, say what you will, the finish of his work in the soul's expression. And just there is the difference between man's work and God's work, and therefore the difference between man and God. Did you ever examine the antennae of a moth under a microscope, and then place the finest polished steel needle beside it? Did the delicate feather of a butterfly's wing ever reveal its beauty to you? I tell you that it is an unfolding more marvellous than the wing itself, as seen by the naked eye. You will search in vain for its equal in all the handiwork of man.

But God works with us and wants us to work with him; we are laborers together with God, and we are to strive to finish our work by both skill of hand and state of soul, for in the last analysis the one reveals the other. Carlyle wrote to a young lady as follows: "Were your duties never so small, I advise you, set yourself with double and treble energy and punctuality to do them hour by hour, day after day, in spite of the devil's teeth. That is our one answer to all inward devils. This I can do, O Devil, and I do it, thou seest in the name of God. Were it but the more perfect regulation of your apartments, the sorting away of your clothes and trinkets, the arranging of your papers, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!'"

What a change would come over our church problems if we were more conscious of this duty and delightful privilege? We are working with our Father; we are not alone; he is working with us and demanding that we shall do the best work possible for him; he is patient with our errors and smoothes down the surfaces and fits the joints of our work;

then tells us to go on to something better than we did before. Every business man knows that his losses are mainly in the little accounts, and he must look after them with care or they will eat up the profits of the big accounts. But the churches—well, we are writing our autobiographies in the gouges in the treasury and the plane marks on the surfaces of our religious life. Men outside get splinters in their hands when they touch us, say "Ouch!" and pass on. This is the lesson that I learned in my father's work shop. A true son likes to work with his father. "The Father worketh"....we ought to work; our work should be well done.

The Church at Work in the Philippines.

Her Splendid Services to the Soldiers.

"Excellent and commendable as has been the work of the Red Cross among the soldiers, by far the best and most lasting in its results has been the work of the church through the Young Men's Christian Association." So said an intelligent volunteer soldier upon his return from Manila. The Association, by caring for the moral well-being of men, most truly and successfully guards the health of men, and keeps them from becoming the inmates of hospitals and the subjects of charity. No soldier of decent character need be asking aid to buy a ticket home. If he has let "liquor, gambling and women alone," and lived a clean life, he has abundant money to care for himself. It is an old saying, and yet one the truth of which many well-meaning people forget, that the best way to help men is to help them to help themselves. The best service any organization can render a soldier is to persuade him to lead a pure life. Recognizing this truth, the Young Men's Christian Association has provided in the army camp clean and wholesome places of resort (either tent or frame buildings), provided them with an abundance of good literature, writing materials, organ, song books and games, the whole in charge of a general secretary.

Since the first occupation of Manila the Young Men's Christian Association has had a branch open in that city, and also at the naval station at Cavite. In the midst of three hundred and more American saloons in Manila the Young Men's Christian Association has had an open door inviting men to things pure and of good report, and inciting them to clean living. Always on Sundays and frequently on weeks days evangelistic services are held. In these meetings thousands of young men have been encouraged to stand firm for their convictions, and not a few have been for the first time enlisted under the banner of the Cross.

The work done has won the approval of officers and men. This has been proven by

many courtesies extended by those in command, and in very marked manner by the recent request of the War Department to the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association to send ten more secretaries with regiments going to the Philippines.

Congress failed when providing for increase of the army to make any provision for chaplains for the new regiments and the Young Men's Christian Association. The secretaries who have recently gone to the Islands will not only fill the place of chaplains, but do a much broader work than the average chaplain ever attempted. The regimental secretary organizes an Association, and at once brings together the professed Christian men and others of good inclinations. This group in the average regiment will number from seventy-five to one hundred men, and under leadership of the secretary, it becomes a potent force for decency and morality among the men. To one at all familiar with army life and the fearful moral wreckage incident to it, the necessity for such a work can not be stated too strongly.

The Young Men's Christian Association now has seven secretaries in the Philippines, and will soon have another—Lieut. N. W. Hearne of Iowa, who spent fifteen months in the Philippines with the Fifty-first Iowa Volunteers. Mr. Hearne is a university graduate, and splendidly qualified by nature and experience for the direction of the Association work in the Islands.

The State Executive Committee of the California Young Men's Christian Associations is raising money to care for one of the army secretaries, in addition to its regular work. Any persons wishing to assist in this most worthy branch of church work can send the funds to H. J. McCoy, General Secretary, Young Men's Christian Association, or to Chas. A. Maydwell, State Treasurer, Association Building, Mason and Ellis streets, San Francisco.

W. M. Parsons,

State Secretary, Young Men's Christian Association.

His Hand Was Rough.

His hand was rough, and His hand was hard,
For he wrought in wood, in Nazareth town;
With naught of worship, with no regard,
In the village street He went up and down.

His hand was rough, but its touch was light,
As it lay on the eyes of him born blind;
Or strake sick folk in its healing might,
And gave back joy to the hearts that pined.

His hand was hard, but they spiked it fast
To the splintering wood of the cursed tree;
And He hung in the sight of the world, at last,
In His shame. And the red blood trickled free.

—Archibald MacMechan.

Continuance is the test of discipleship.
Every sinner is Satan's slave.

The Statistics.

By Rev. H. E. Jewett, Statistical Secretary.

About twenty churches, some of them with a membership of more than one hundred, have delayed until now the completion of the statistical tables, by inattention to requests made and repeated for prompt forwarding of their reports to the Statistical Secretary. "By some means or other," writes one pastor, under date of March 5th, "I overlooked the blank," etc. From one learn twenty.

The completed tables for General Association of California are now in the hands of the printer, and the reports for the whole State were forwarded last week to Editor Hazen for the Year Book.

The report for the General Association of California (Northern and Central) for the year 1899 is as follows: Number of churches Dec. 31, 1899, 132, a net loss of one.

Churches with p. c., 13; with p., 87; vacant (including eight supplied by students), 32.

Ministers, p. c., 12; p., 63; others 60; total, 135. "Others" includes those who are members of our local associations, whether residing in the State or elsewhere.

Church members: males, 3,544; female, 7,370; total, 10,914, a net loss of 47.

Additions, conf., 438; letter, 493; total, 931.

Removals, by death, 126; dismissal, 345; revision of roll, 507; total, 978.

Baptisms, adult, 142; childhood, 272.

In Sunday-schools, 11,367; gain, 87; average, 7,437.

Y. P. S. C. E. Societies, 85; members, 3,885.

Families, 85 churches reporting (90 last year), 7,614; loss 447.

Benevolent contributions: Foreign Missions (from 70 churches), \$6,684; Education (15), \$6,277; Church Building, (100) \$5,406; Home Missions (100), \$9,773; A. M. A. (33), \$1,666; Sunday-schools (71), \$842; Ministerial Aid (17), \$291; other (53), \$10,585; total (120), \$41,524, an increase of \$4,275. Home expenditures (101), \$140,280. Benevolent legacies, \$10,105.

The statistics for the entire State are as follows: Churches, 208, a decrease of 5.

Churches with p. c., 18; with p., 142; vacant, 43; with supplies, 5.

Ministers, p. c., 17; p., 112; supplies, 5; others, 100; total, 234.

Church members, male 6,135; female, 11,853; total, 17,988. Gain, 97. Absent, 2,609.

Admissions, conf., 833; letter, 1,156; total, 1,989. Removals, death, 197; letter, 796; other, 899; total, 1,892.

Baptisms, adult, 278; childhood, 379.

In Sunday-schools, 19,673; gain, 649; average, 12,855.

Y. P. S. C. E. Societies, 143; members, 6,378.

Families, 152 churches reporting (150 last year), 12,304. Gain, 155.

Benevolent contributions, 192 churches reporting: Foreign Missions, \$10,961; Education, \$9,661; Church Building, \$6,735; Home Missions, \$15,943; A. M. A., \$2,505; Sunday-schools, \$1,443; Ministerial Aid, \$614; other, \$15,700; total, \$63,562. Decrease, \$14,929.

Home expenditures (171 churches reporting), \$240,308. Increase, \$28,062.

A Testimony for the Coffee Saloon.

Editor of The Pacific: In regard to coffee saloons, recently discussed in our paper, I note that "X" says in reply to "An ounce of prevention worth a pound of cure," that "so is an ounce of experience worth a pound of theory." Therefore I was minded to let you know that in San Diego is an institution, now running two years, called the "Coffee Club." We started with small means and few luxurious adornments; a room where a light lunch was served and where were to be found the best reading material—magazines and weeklies (non-sectarian), and the best Pacific Coast dailies; also tables for games. That struggling start has now filled the first room to overflowing with those who wander the streets for something to do. A second room has been started in another part of the city, which we hope will, in process of time, equal the first one for popularity. We have not attempted, with the blast of trumpets, to extol our plan and our success, but we are satisfied that if we can provide our brothers, who are unfortunate and homeless, and whose lives are sometimes cheerless, with a light, sweet-scented, quiet, pleasant room, to seek what we all need—refreshment—great good will be accomplished.

My friend "X" seems to think that unless those who frequent the room are not all rescued from the saloon it is a failure. Are the only needy ones those who frequent the saloons? Let him as a poor laborer go to a new town, and try for himself. It seems to me that many, who come to our "Coffee Club" may never have frequented a saloon. But how great are the chances that such an one will, if he finds no other pleasant place! The fact is, our homes and our church circles are not always sweet resting-places for all wanderers. Where, then, shall they go?

In the name of our common Father and our brother man, let some place welcome him other than the mouth of hades.

Sincerely,
C. A. Babcock, Jr.,
Pres. San Diego Coffee Club Association.
San Diego, Cal.

Character is to wear forever; who will wonder or grudge that it cannot be developed in a day?—[Drummond.]

More Concerning Coffee Saloons.

Editor Pacific: I read with interest the letter signed "X," concerning coffee saloons. His experience was truly unfortunate. I also have been face to face with the coffee saloon, and have seen its results from day to day; and they were altogether good, as you will see by the following extracts from San Diego letters, where they have been running one since May, 1898, and a second one since October, 1899—the profits from the lunch counters making the two houses self-sustaining.

The president of the association, in a recent letter, says: "Our coffee club has proved beyond a doubt that men frequent the saloon for the social enjoyment it gives, and they will patronize a room where is interesting reading and especially games, and leave the saloon alone. I wish I could say something to the people of San Jose, and as I can not say it orally, let me shout through Uncle Sam's post-office: 'Start right now to put out the saloon by putting something in its place.' That sounds quite unromantic, but it is the way all nature works; let us work that way also."

Speaking of the San Diego Coffee Club a lady member said: "I know of no more hopeful line of work than this." In a letter received last week from the Secretary, he says: "The success of the Coffee Club is the marvel of Christians and business men alike. I can't exactly understand it, myself. God's hand has been in it, of course, but God does not always choose to give results so soon. I believe that the one word, 'co-operation,' is most largely responsible for the growth of this work. With the experience of the past year San Diego ought to be able to establish and maintain on this system at least six similar places. Such a crusade would deal a solar plexus blow to one-half the saloons of San Diego."

Mr. George W. Marston, a leading merchant of San Diego, says: "In reply to your inquiry I have great pleasure in saying that the San Diego Coffee Club is a decided success. The report of its secretary, which I enclose, shows this very clearly, and I need only give you my personal testimony that the club has obtained the good will, confidence and support of the community."

The letters I have received from San Diego along this line would fill a small book; the people there have recognized so well the importance of this work that it took less than two months to collect sufficient funds for the second coffee house, while it took over two years to collect for the first one.

A coffee house run for private profit may become an evil, but the members of a company so organized that no profits can be returned to the shareholders will always see that it is conducted for the benefit of the communi-

ty; for only unselfish people will join such a company. Satan truly will not cast out Satan, and the fact that the San Diego Coffee Club proved itself a blessing convinces me that it is of God. We hope to open the one in San Jose next month.

Yours sincerely,
San Jose.

Ernest Fox.

The Divorce Evil.

Let me call the attention of the readers of The Pacific to the following figures from the report of a committee on divorce reform, published in the minutes of the General Association of Southern California for 1899. They were gathered from the records of Los Angeles county:

"Marriages in 1867, 132; divorces, 7; ratio of divorce to marriage, 1 to 19. Marriages in 1886, 586; divorces, 62; ratio of divorce to marriage, 1 to 9. Marriages in 1898, 1,380; divorces, 396; ratio of divorce to marriage, 2 to 7. During the first ninety days of 1899 there were 115 divorce cases filed in Los Angeles county, or about one and one-third cases per day."

When this report was read before the Association these figures were so startling as to be received by some with incredulity. But they had been carefully and laboriously gathered by the chairman of the committee, Rev. C. P. Dorland. He had been for several years a member of the Los Angeles bar, and as such had ready access to the records, and special facilities for ascertaining the facts of the case.

These figures raise questions that claim thoughtful consideration. Has the devil been sowing tares in our social life while we have been sleeping, and are they choking the wheat? If so, what shall we do about it? If this rapidly increasing ratio of divorce to marriage should continue at its accelerating rate, how long before the sacredness of the family relation, with its attendant blessings, will become a thing of the past? Are the people of Los Angeles county sinners, in this respect, above all others that dwell on the Pacific Coast? Should not the facts for every county be ascertained? Should not every district association or conference appoint its committee on divorce reform, and learn what exactly is the extent of this evil within its own bounds? Will not the wise seek to know the worst, that they may provide against it? If it should appear that all along our Coast, or in any considerable part of it, the divorce rate is steadily increasing, shall we not carefully inquire from what tendencies of thought or customs of society, or defects of law, if any, this result has grown, that we may the more surely strike at the root of the evil?

If it should appear that this increasing divorce rate is due chiefly to the incoming parties from other states, to take advantage of our

easier or less public facilities for divorce, should we say this puts a new face upon the matter, so that the startling figures need not so much concern us? Shall we repeat the plea of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" or that of the Jewish lawyer, "Who is my neighbor?" forgetting that the looseness of our legislation or court customs may lay at our own doors the sin of our neighbor, who comes from the Atlantic coast, or even from beyond the ocean?

At this time, when our country has been so lately stirred from center to circumference in opposition to the seating in Congress of a polygamous representative from Utah, is it not well to apply our righteous horror to the growing practice of *successive* polygamy in our own communities, and even among the members of our churches? "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, and considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California.

PROGRAM.

Subject, "Chinese Work on the Pacific Coast."

1. Singing, "One There Is Above All Others."
2. Prayer by leader.
3. Scripture reading, "All ye are brethren."
4. Short prayers.
5. Relation between Chinese work here and Christian work in China. Congregational Work, March, 1900.
6. Jee Gam's views on present state of race prejudice. Congregational Work, January, 1900.
7. Work for Chinese Mothers and Children. Selections from Quarterly Letter, No. 22.

8. Study of Quarterly Report, No. 19.

- (a) Mission House perplexity.
- (b) Family superstitions.
- (c) A wedding.

9. Incidents about the work and the workers. To be gleaned from many sources and given by many different women.

The Quarterly Letter will be sent to each auxiliary. For literature on special subjects apply to Mrs. E. C. Norton, Claremont. Study American Missionary.

"O ye, who have the mind to do and plan
With heart and hand to help your brother man,
Wait not until the time be overpast.
The morning's climbed to noon, the night comes
fast;

For pain, disease and death do hurry so!
And there be those who have in anguish cried,
'Had I been there, my brother had not died.'"

Herbert Spencer completed his eightieth year April 27th.

Busy World Notes and Gleanings.

Seattle claims to have twice as much building as at this time last year.

Among the soldiers serving Great Britain in the South African war are at least 300 Hebrews.

Most people are familiar with the fact that buttons are now made out of the blood of slaughtered animals, which was formerly allowed to go to waste. Indeed, the packing industry has been brought to such a high degree of perfection that every portion of pigs and steers is made into something useful to contribute to the comfort of mankind. Even the hair scraped from the skin of the slaughtered animals is made by the Armour's into a thick cloth that is valuable in the manufacture of saddles and cushions for vehicles.

The Cleveland, Ohio, Hardware Company commenced last year to improve in every possible way the condition of the workmen in its factory. Among the things set up in their interest was a restaurant. It has operated in keeping many from the saloons at the noon hour. A pint of coffee is served for a penny. On this the company loses money. Other things are as follows: Sandwiches, all kinds, 2 cents each; Hamburg steak, one slice of bread, 2 cents; pork sausage, one slice of bread, 2 cents; pork and beans, one slice of bread, 3 cents; half dozen crackers and cheese, 2 cents; pie, all kinds, 3 cents per cut; table-spoonful mashed potato, 1 cent; cooked meats, one slice of bread, 6 cents; puddings, 3 cents; oyster soup, 5 cents per plate; other soups, 2 and 3 cents.

J. Knight Hardy, a Chicagoan who has spent most of his life in the study of metallurgy, has discovered a process by which he says that he produces from lead a metal that takes all of the chemical and mechanical attributes of tin, and it is non-frictional. He is having his product experimented upon by large manufacturing concerns, with a view to testing it for mechanical uses. He also makes a product of copper, so hard that he declares it may be used in car journals, and that it is without friction. The latter product, he says, will some day be used instead of steel in railway car journals, where friction is now one of the obstacles to be overcome. The tinlike product that he exhibits in ingots is as heavy as lead, and is so hard that it can scarcely be scratched with a knife blade. Mr. Hardy states that it can be produced at one-third of the cost of tin, and that for all purposes it is just as good. Both metals, Mr. Hardy declares, can be tempered to any degree of hardness.

An interesting table was published not long ago in the Honolulu Friend in reference to the descendants of missionaries of the American

Board in the Hawaiian Islands. From this table it appears that there are 155 sons of missionaries still living, 91 of them in Hawaii; 145 daughters, 73 of whom are resident in Hawaii; of the 224 grandsons 101 are in Hawaii, and of the 197 granddaughters 73 are also living there. It appears thus that there are living 300 children and 421 grandchildren, and of this total number (721) 338 are resident in Hawaii. This is said to be about one-twentieth of the white population, exclusive of the Portuguese. It has been quite common to call the white population of the island "the missionary party," and it is commonly said that this party rules the islands. The descendants of the missionaries take leading positions, and the vigor and spirit of industry inherited from their parents, as well as their Christian training, account for their prominence in public affairs. "They form the best element in the population of Hawaii," says the Missionary Herald.

The report of the United States Commissioner of Education shows that only one person in eleven hundred in our country is in college, and that only one in every fifteen hundred is a college graduate. "Yet out of this mere handful," says another, "are drawn more than half of our Presidents, Congressmen, Senators, Supreme Court Judges, and Representatives of our Government, and 70 per cent of our leading clergymen, lawyers, physicians and authors. The college-bred man earns \$3, while his non-collegiate neighbor, earns \$1. His opportunity for reaching high places of influence and usefulness is 750 to 1. No doubt the incapable, lazy or dissipated college man will fail, as the same sort will fail if he quits school at eleven years of age; but brains, industry and sobriety, reinforced by the drill of college life, are bound to get ahead of equal qualities without the advantages of the higher and broader culture of the college. Parents who can do little more than give their children a good education may find encouragement in the above facts. The investment that is thus made for them is not lost, and usually yields a large percentage."

Some one asks of the New York Christian Advocate, "Is it courteous to write personal letters on the typewriter?" The answer is as follows: "A letter of love or consolation should not be dictated to a stenographer, nor should it be written on a machine by the author, unless his habit is necessary and is known to the recipient. Letters to one's parents or children or wife or husband should not be so written. A pastor should never send typewritten letters of consolation, admonition, or exhortation to his members. Letters acknowledging or asking a great favor should not be so written. These are all essentially personal. So far in theory; but in practice busy men must make many exceptions. We

write for the Christian Advocate an amount of matter that would average ten letters of four or five pages in length each per day, and an average of twenty-five letters per day on business connected with the paper and with the wants and requests of our subscribers, and on our private affairs. Some of these letters are short, but many of them are long. An attempt to do all this by hand in less than two years brought on writer's cramp in a serious form, which put an end to nearly all letter-writing except signatures, and necessitated learning to write on a typewriter: This proved equally injurious to the nervous system and compelled recourse to the art of dictation. Rest of the hand after five or six years restored the power to write, but to attempt to do so habitually would speedily bring back the old result, with a general collapse of health and strength. Therefore, except in extreme cases recognized in the preceding statement, all letters are written by means of stenographers."

Up the Nile.

By Susan Merrill Farnam.

Our trip up the Nile was all that could be desired. Sometimes it seemed like a lotus dream—sometimes like a prolonged picnic, and sometimes like an archaeological excursion, in the interest of Egyptology. We sailed days and tied up nights; and when there was much of interest to be seen, we staid two or three days in one place, as at Luxor, or Assouan. Memphis was the first place visited. This was once a powerful city, but all there is of it today is heaps of earth and two statues of Ramesses the Great (II), which have recently been raised out of the sand, and placed on frame work. They lie prone and are much broken. Sakkarah, a little beyond, is one of the great burial places of ancient Egypt. It is four and one-half miles long and one mile wide. M. Marietta Bey did much valuable work here, and the house in which he lived is still standing. A group of pyramids is here, one of which is said to be the oldest structure in existence. It was hoary with age when Abraham was called to leave Mesopotamia. Here is the tomb of Thi, and also the Serapeum, or tomb of the sacred bulls. The tomb of Thi is well preserved. There are chambers and galleries leading from room to room, every inch of the walls and ceilings being covered with hieroglyphics, representing the scenes of a rich man's life, his occupations and amusements and religion. The Serapeum was excavated by Marietta Bey in 1850. The story of his finding this remarkable place and its history are most interesting. On our way up the Nile we passed large sugar factories, where as many as two thousand men are employed at ten cents a day and find themselves. One

evening, after the boat had tied up, we visited one of these factories.

We visited temples and tombs—temples that were grand even in their ruin; and tombs that are empty, swept and garnished. In all Egypt there is but one tomb known where the body of the original occupant remains—the tomb of Amenophis II, and this has a guard over it, to preserve it from vandals. To think of all the pains the old race took to preserve their earthly bodies, until the soul should come again to re-inhabit them! and of the utter failure of the attempt. Around the entrance to the tombs, and all over the burial places, which are sometimes acres in extent, are scattered bits of broken pottery—human bones; sometimes a skull—pieces of mummy cloth, dried-up masses of flesh that look like sponge, etc. The Egyptians seem not to have learned that “only the unseen is eternal.” At Luxor (ancient Thebes), where there is so much of interest, we remained three days. In Ezekiel xxx: 15 Thebes is called “No,” and in Nahum iii: 8, it is called “No Amon.” The ruins of Karnak cover one thousand acres. The great hall at Karnak is considered the noblest architectural work ever designed or executed by man. In this hall there are one hundred and thirty-four huge columns. The twelve columns forming the double row in the middle are sixty feet high, and thirty-five feet in circumference. The other one hundred and twenty-two are fifty feet high and twenty-seven in circumference. Some are partly covered with debris, and some have fallen, but the center ones are well preserved. The temple of Karnak was originally connected with that at Luxor by an avenue of sphinxes, over a mile long, only a few of which remain.

Karnak was begun 2400 B. C., and hence is over four thousand years old. Such massive blocks of stone, it seems as if it were made to last forever. It was full moon while we were at Luxor, and the prophecies against Egypt, which were never much comfort to me, appeared in a new light as I read them here—for instance, from the twenty-ninth to the thirty-second chapter of Ezekiel—and then came out on the deck of our boat and looked up at the tall columns, standing silent and grand in the moonlight. God’s Word has been fulfilled. Thebes originally stood on both sides of the Nile, and the Lybian Hills that lie back of where the city on the west side of the Nile stood, is honeycombed with tombs; but the tombs are rifled, the treasures taken, and the bodies scattered. It was among these tombs, somewhat farther removed from the Nile, that the body of Rameses the Great was found, after it had lain in peace for over thirty-two hundred years. In now adorns the museum at Gizeh. Here are also two beautiful temples and the sitting Colossi. These latter stand on the plain and were formerly at the entrance to

a temple, which has disappeared, but as you pass them and look back at them, they stand out so grand and majestic against the blue sky, that they almost seem to speak; as they were said to have done really in olden time, for this is the Memnon of which we have all read. Abydos is another most interesting place. Here are the temples of Seti I and Rameses II, father and son. In the former is the famous tablet of Abydos, which gives the names of seventy-six kings of Egypt, beginning with Menes, and ending with Seti I. This tablet is of immense importance to Egyptologists. The colors in these two temples are remarkably bright and perfect, although put on over three thousand years ago. Flindus Petrie is living here now and carrying on researches. We took our lunch in the great hall of Seti I. Assouan was the extent of our trip south—five hundred and eighty-three miles from Cairo. This brought us to the First Cataract, and here we spent three days visiting Philæ, Elephantine and other places of interest. We took our lunch one day in “Pharaoh’s Bed,” among its graceful columns. The natives at Philæ amuse themselves and tourists, by leaping into the foaming cataract, and coming out safely some distance below it, and then they come back and ask for backsheesh. In fact, “backsheesh” is the one word from beginning to end of the journey. It is the first word a child learns to speak, and with many it is the last one.

Rameses the Great seems to have been a remarkable man and to have left a powerful impress on his country. He had a long reign, sixty-seven years, and his cartouche is on very many of the temples, while some temples are called entirely by his name, and his statues seem to be everywhere; but not one is in a perfect condition. He was the Pharaoh of the Oppression and his son is supposed to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus. We felt pretty well acquainted with him by the time our trip had ended, and when we afterwards saw his mummy at Gizeh Museum, we recognized him as an old friend! We were sorry when our trip was ended, and it was with regret that we bade good-bye to the picturesque dahabeahs, the pink hills, the blue skies, the lazy waters, the oriental costumes along the banks. And also to our fellow-travelers and courteous dragoons.

Jerusalem, Feb. 10th.

Secure a good name to thyself by living virtuously and humbly; but let this good name be nursed abroad and never be brought home to look upon it. Let others use it for their own advantage—let them speak of it if they please; but do not thou use it at all but as an instrument to do God glory and thy neighbor more advantage. Let thy face, like Moses’, shine to others, but make no looking-glass for thyself.—[Jeremy Taylor.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President	Mrs. H. E. Jewett
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1275 Sixth Avenue, Oakland.	
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. C. B. Bradley
2639 Durant Avenue, Berkeley.	
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. W. J. Wilcox
576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.	
Treasurer.....	Young Ladies' Branch
Miss Grace Goodhue, 1722 Geary Street.	

The Quarterly Meeting.

The morning of Wednesday, March 7th, gave so little promise of fair weather that the arrival of the hour of half-past ten found only a few ladies gathered in the parlors of the Third Congregational church of San Francisco. After a few moments of waiting Mrs. Jewett gave out the hymn, "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," and followed it by a responsive Scripture reading. Mrs. Jewett then read the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, adding pertinent remarks. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Alfred Bayley, the acting pastor of the church, followed by some others. The hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung, concluding the devotional opening of the meeting.

The treasurer's report was given by Mrs. Dodge, showing the receipts for the quarter to have been six hundred and ninety-nine dollars and forty-three cents; disbursements, two hundred and seventy-two dollars and fifty-five cents; leaving a balance of seven hundred and thirty dollars and twenty-three cents. Of this, ninety-seven dollars and twenty-five cents goes to last year's indebtedness, leaving an actual balance in general fund of six hundred and thirty-two dollars and ninety-eight cents. It was voted to accept the report.

A letter was read from Mrs. Winsor, of Campbell. The church, though small, is doing well. They are trying the little barrels in their contributions, and like them very much.

Mrs. Jewett also read a short article by Mrs. Winsor, entitled "What My Barrel Is to Me." In the hope of helping others to see what a barrel can be to them, the article will appear in *The Pacific* sooner or later.

At this point the greetings of the Third church were given by the Rev. Alfred Bayley, in a very earnest and pleasing address. He said he was a firm believer in missions. As a boy he became much prejudiced against religion, because of the glaring inconsistencies of some who professed it. Becoming acquainted with the Salvation Army in London, he was finally convinced of the sincerity of its members, and joining them was sent to India, where he met missionaries. Seeing and knowing of their daily life, showed him that they were in earnest, and were doing great good in India and China, where he afterward went. It

is these faithful men and women whom we are trying to sustain.

A welcome was also extended by one of the ladies of the church, who also invited us, later on, to partake of some coffee which she would make for us.

Mrs. W. J. Wilcox was then called on to give an account of a barrel opening which had been held at Pilgrim church. She said the barrels had been used a few years—long enough to show that they were of real, practical value. This year fifty families had taken them, and at the opening, sixty-one dollars were found in them. In three of them a five-dollar gold piece was found. In a few, only a nickel. On the whole, they thought the use of barrels was a good thing.

Mrs. Taylor, formerly of India, gave some account of zenana missions, beginning by showing the necessity of such work. The high class women of India are not allowed to go out, but must remain always in the house, with nothing to do or think of. In fact, their husbands used to say that women were simply animals, incapable of thinking, of learning to read or sew. No man was ever allowed to enter the zenana. The good Dr. Duff worked and prayed for years that some way might be opened to reach these women. Finally a foreigner, a woman, was allowed to enter, who taught one of the inmates of the zenana to embroider a pair of slippers, thus proving that Indian women could learn. Since then missionary work is carried on by foreign women, they being allowed to enter. Christ and his love are the salvation of these women.

An interesting letter from Mrs. Farnum, from Jerusalem, was read. This will be given later in our column in *The Pacific*.

A letter from Miss Wilson, of Kusaie, came next. This, too, will be seen in *The Pacific*.

Mrs. Bennett of the Third church sang, by request, a solo, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" the audience joining in the chorus.

Mr. Frear then brought the greetings of the American Board. He cheered us by telling us of increasing prosperity in mission work as well as of an increase of gifts and legacies—\$26,000 in gifts and the same in legacies. Many of the missionaries in Micronesia find it necessary to come away for rest. Some were expected on the "Morning Star," which was to come soon. (Before the meeting was over Mr. Frear announced the arrival of the Star.) Miss Beulah Logan, who has been seriously ill for some time, but could not be moved to where she could be properly medically treated, on account of the non-arrival of the Star, had been taken by a sailing vessel and at length landed at Sydney, where she was in a private hospital. Her physician gave some hope that she might be partially restored.

Mrs. Jewett then read a letter from Miss

Elizabeth Baldwin, of Ruk, who, with her sister, went out not long ago.

Miss Malone, who has done good work on Maui, H. I., was introduced, and spoke very interestingly of the results of work done by the descendants of missionaries. There is very little corruption in the government, which is managed by sons of missionaries. Good results from the work of former missionaries are everywhere apparent. Miss Malone also spoke of settlement work, which was there conducted on Christian principles. The settlement work on Maui had reclaimed many young people who had formerly spent their time in idleness. Now, they are decently dressed and have employment. One girl, who was a helper in the settlement, went to Micronesia, and is doing missionary work there. Miss Malone urged the necessity of Christian teaching in settlement work.

The morning session was adjourned for lunch, which was provided by the ladies of the church, at the modest price of fifteen cents a plate. This being duly enjoyed, a short time was spent socially, after which the afternoon session began, at half-past one. A half-hour was devoted to the memory of Mrs. Logan, of Ruk. The hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," was sung, after which Mrs. Jewett spoke a few words about Mrs. Logan, then called on Mrs. Brewer to tell something of the much she knows of Mrs. Logan. Mrs. Brewer read a very interesting paper, which we hope to have in *The Pacific*.

Prayer was offered by Mrs. Austin for Micronesia and the missionaries, followed by others. Mention was made of the fact that Mrs. Logan's son Arthur had just been married and hopes in a couple of months to go to work in Micronesia. May the mantle of his sainted parents fall on him! The Logans rank high in missionary circles; therefore we shall hope for much from the younger members of the family.

Miss Denton of Japan and Miss Newton of China are expected shortly. Let us be ready to give them a royal welcome.

Mrs. A. P. Peck gave an account of the persecutions at Pang Chuan, China. It seems to be an anti-foreign crusade. The Chinese, having deposed their emperor, who favored reform in many things, now seem determined to restore affairs to the old order. The Empress holds the reins of government firmly in her own hands, and tolerates no one about her who does not think as she does. Persecution began at a station of the London Missionary Society. Christians were plundered and driven away. Churches were torn down. In spite of all, the Christians refused to give up their religion. News has been received that a new governor has been appointed, who may possibly mend matters somewhat.

"How Firm a Foundation" was sung, after which Mrs. Eastman announced a meeting of the W. H. M. S., to be held at Haywards, March 15th, and invited all to attend.

Rev. J. C. Dorward of the Zulu mission, in Natal, gave some account of the progress of things which he has seen during his ten years' stay in Natal. Railroads have been built, mission work has been begun in Johannesburg, as well as medical work in the Zulu Mission. Dr. Bridgman opened a dispensary at Adams, the fame of which spread far and wide. Dr. Bridgman being obliged to leave the country for his wife's health, his place has been taken by Dr. McCord, whose wife is a daughter of Rev. Wm. Mellen, formerly of the Zulu Mission. Mr. Dorward also spoke of the great revival of a few years ago.

The Zulu Mission is important, too, as being the key to the other missions, forming also a base of supply for them.

There are traces of ancient Semitic occupation in Rhodesia. Ancient fortifications are still seen, as well as traces of mining. Some even assert this to be Ophir, whence Solomon got his wealth. Natal is sometimes called the Christmas land, because it was discovered on a Christmas day by the Portuguese. American missionaries do most influential work here. There are 200,000 Zulus in the Zulu country. Mr. Dorward spoke of the Ireland Home for girls from the kraals, in which Mrs. Dorward is doing such good work. There are fifty-eight pupils, more than there is room for. A new building, especially for the Home, is a pressing necessity. The floors of the old building are so damp as to constantly endanger the health of the inmates. On account of white ants, it would be necessary to build with brick instead of wood, therefore a suitable building would cost about \$5,000. Mr. Dorward expects to be on the coast about two weeks longer, after which he will go to Chicago, then make his way back to Natal, hoping to arrive there in time to attend the annual meeting of the Mission, which is to be held in June. The Zulus have a home missionary society, by which the native pastors are supported and directed.

A motion was made and carried to appoint Mrs. Day of Los Angeles, Mrs. Rader of San Francisco and Miss M. F. Williams, now of Albany, N. Y., as delegates to the Ecumenical Council on Foreign Missions, to be held in New York the last of April.

A collection was taken, the Missionary Hymn was sung, and the meeting closed with the Lord's prayer, and the benediction by Mr. Phillips of the Third church.

Prayers have been compared to ships which go forth heavy with petitions, but return laden with benefits.

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Prof. John H. Kerr, D.D.

Quarterly Review.

LESSON XII. March 25, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister"* (Mark x: 45).

Lessons of the Quarter.

- I. The Birth of Jesus. Luke ii: 1-16.
- II. The Child Jesus Visits Jerusalem, Luke ii: 41-52.
- III. The Preaching of John, the Baptist. Luke iii: 1-17.
- IV. The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus. Luke iii: 13-iv: 11.
- V. The First Disciples of Jesus. John i: 35-46.
- VI. Jesus and Nicodemus. John iii: 1-18.
- VII. Jesus at Jacob's Well. John iv: 5-26.
- VIII. Jesus Rejected at Nazareth. Luke iv: 16-30.
- IX. Jesus Healing in Capernaum. Mark i: 21-34.
- X. The Paralytic Healed. Mark ii: 1-12.
- XI. Jesus at Matthew's House. Mark ii: 13-22.

Introduction.

The eleven lessons of the quarter have brought us well into the Galilean ministry of our Lord. They cover all the Period of Preparation and a good portion of the Period of Labor. They include not all of the gospel history, but the most important points in it down to the time when Jesus called Matthew to leave all and follow him as his disciple. These lessons illustrate in a striking manner the truth of the golden text for the quarter, which states that "the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

Lesson *one* told the story of the Birth of Jesus, as given by Luke. Though it was a lowly birth, it was attended by angelic annunciations. It was appropriate that heavenly singers should take part in the events of the "fulness of time," when "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law." This is the event referred to by John when "the Word was made (became, R. V.) flesh, and dwelt among us" (i: 14).

Lesson *two*, taken also from Luke's record, told of the visit of Jesus to the temple, when he probably became a "son of the law." Though but only twelve years old, he knew God as his Father in a peculiar sense. To him it seemed most natural to be in that place which was known as God's house. But Jesus was yet a boy, and the remainder of his boyhood and young manhood was spent in subjection to his earthly parents.

The *third* lesson told of the work of the forerunner of Jesus. The work of John the Baptist was most essential. It had relations

not only to the people but also to Jesus. The people had to be prepared for Jesus, and Jesus had to be presented to the people. Both of these were functions of John. With unwavering boldness and heroic courage John discharged his mission.

Lesson *fourth* recounted the circumstances of the baptism of Jesus. He could not well stand apart from John's movement, and hence it was appropriate for him to identify himself with it. But it was also necessary for him to act in a representative capacity. He represented not himself but sinful man, hence also his baptism by John was appropriate. Then came the temptation, which proved that he was a Lamb without spot or blemish, untainted by sin and able to resist its power. That victory over Satan was prophetic of the final triumph of his cause, of the kingdom of light over that of darkness.

The *fifth* lesson marked the practical beginning of the public ministry of our Lord. The first step was to gather a body of disciples who would accompany him. On that roll of honor are found the names of Andrew and Peter, John and James, Philip and Nathaniel. The beginning of the Church was found in personal work. This lesson shows us the way to work for the Master, i. e., by bringing others to him.

Lesson *six* related the well-known interview between Christ and Nicodemus. This took place early in the Judean ministry, and probably very shortly after the first cleansing of the temple. They were truly heavenly things which Jesus related to him. There is only one way into the kingdom of which prophets had spoken and of which all true Israelites had dreamed, and that way is the new birth. One must be born into this kingdom.

The *seventh* lesson told of the incident that transpired in Samaria, as Jesus withdrew from Judea that he might continue his work in Galilee. Our Lord lost no opportunity of ministering to those who needed his ministrations, and the woman who came out that evening to draw water from Jacob's well was permitted to taste of the living water which Jesus can give to the thirsty. And not only that, but she also learned the manner and place of the true worship of God.

Lesson *eight* found Jesus back again in Galilee. It related to the sad story of his rejection by those who should have rejoiced in his greatness, and have responded to his gracious words. Not only was he rejected by his townsmen, but by the nation as a whole. But though thus "despised and rejected of men," he is the one of whom the prophets spoke when they told of the coming of the messenger of the Lord. To as many as receive, to them he gives the privilege of becoming the sons of God (John i: 9-13).

The *ninth* lesson gave a picture of Jesus'

healing work. It was in Capernaum. Before the Great Physician no malady could retain its hold on its victims. He was able to release from the thralldom of sickness and sin. He "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him" (Acts x: 38).

The *tenth* lesson revealed the greatness of Jesus' powers in his ability to forgive sin. When Jesus saw the paralytic being carefully lowered before him, he knew his worse malady. It was not his paralysis that he healed first. Sin was at work in the man's heart, and he was most merciful in healing the worst trouble first. Then afterwards, to demonstrate his right to speak the words of forgiveness, he spoke the words that enabled the man to rise up and walk.

The *eleventh* lesson related the call of Matthew to discipleship. What unpromising material he can work into the structure of his Church! The essential thing is the ready response of those to whom he calls. Jesus' mission was to the needy. For those who see nothing desirable in him he has nothing; but for those who will follow him, there is everything that heart can need and truly desire.

The Gate at the Head of the Stair.

Some things in our house have lost their use—

We meet them everywhere—

And one of the saddest and sweetest to me

Is the gate at the head of the stair.

So often I ran to close the gate

That my baby might not fall,

As toddling along on uncertain feet

He followed me through the hall.

And often when returning home

I forgot my trouble and care

When I heard his laugh and saw his face

By the gate at the head of the stair.

And now, with weary, longing heart,

I climb the tedious stair,

The gate is open—I look in vain,

My baby is not there.

But I love to think, when life's journey ends

In that heavenly dwelling place,

I shall find to welcome me at the gate

My baby's radiant face.

—Selected.

There is nothing harder for a young mother than to find herself suddenly so placed that she is unable to come and go freely, as was her wont in the early married days before the baby came, while the father comes and goes as ever, and is not tied down at all. The father must be very patient and sympathetic while the mother adjusts herself to this new life of hers, as a sweet woman will learn to do, for if he is thoughtless here he is planting seeds of failure which will grow to gigantic proportions. He must keep in touch with the mother in these days, that they may walk together later, and all through even to the end.—[February Ladies' Home Journal.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

The Glory of Obedience. (Matt. xxi: 28-32.)

Topic for March 25th.

Here is a good theme not often considered. We have had the duty of obedience, and the obligation of obedience, and the reasons for obedience, discussed times without number; but the glory of obedience is a point of view not often taken. Let us make the most of it in this meeting.

We ought to start with an intelligent idea of the meaning of obedience as used of a disciple in the Bible. Without paying much attention to the matter, we get our mental definitions from extended experience or from protracted observation. Obedience in the affairs of men is a greatly variable quantity. In a well-regulated prison it is exact, mathematical. In the army it is rigid and frigid. In the state it is lax, intermittent and spectacular. In the family—well, it depends upon how you were brought up. Here the variability of the quantity is at its extreme. But the Bible idea of obedience is chiefly concerned in the spirit in which God's commands are obeyed. It is a matter of the heart. It is the flash of love, the reflection of which is action.

* * *

Glory is perfection. The glory of any person or thing is in the possession of those highest qualities for which that person or thing can stand. Our subject, the glory of obedience, means obedience as a force lifting us towards our perfection. And this is the right ideal of this quality of discipleship to have in our minds.

One thought is that obedience is the universal highway along which we must travel to our perfect being. Everything we acquire comes to us in this path. Obedience secures ministrations. Health ministers to us just in proportion as we obey the laws of health. Fortune ministers to us according to our care in obeying her rules. Knowledge becomes our handmaid when we obey its law, "Seek and ye shall find." Even God comes into our life with all his helpfulness in response to our cheerful loyalty to his commands. Obedience is not the rough, uncomfortable, unreasonable road that many seem to make it. It is God's summons to glory; it is the pointing of his finger to the best that can be found for man; it is the light by which man finds his way from the incompleteness of earth to the perfection of eternal life. See the order of this thought in the New Testament. Jesus was the perfect man. This perfect man "was the light of men." He was made perfect as the light of men by learning obedience "by the things which he suffered." So, having been made perfect, he became unto all them that obey, the author of salvation. It is this man

Christ Jesus, who was perfected as our Savior by his obedience, who says, "Ye are my friends if ye do the things which I command you." The glory of obedience is in its being to us the pathway into friendship with Christ. And friendship with Christ is the perfection of manhood.

* * *

Another thought is that obedience is the necessary expression of love. If I love a person with any intensity worthy of that name, I am continually saying to myself, "What would he like to have me do for him?" To my friend to whom I wish to convey the warmth of my friendliness, I say, "Command me to any extent." So Jesus says, "If ye love me keep my commandments." Obedience in Christian discipleship is not invited by saying: "If ye fear me, keep my commandments"; or, "If ye stand in awe of the dreadful solemnity of the judgment day, keep my commandments." O no, not this at all! Obedience is the happy expression of our love. Hence this feature of our pledge. It is most remarkable that any one who holds a real love for our Lord should hesitate before or make objections to our Christian Endeavor pledge. How can any of us love this Savior of ours and not have written in his soul the thought, "I will do what he wants me to do!" In the heart that consciously throbs with love to Jesus Christ, what objection can there be to the pledge? May it not be said that the written pledge of the Christian Endeavor is but a mild transcription of the sweet obedience in which love must express itself in every friend of Christ? Thus the glory of obedience is in its being the perfection of love.

* * *

Perhaps the highest glory of all is seen in obedience, being the most perfect exhibition of redeemed character. The best patriot is not always the noisiest political orator. He may not be the man who wears the uniform of the Government. The height of patriotism is in best obeying the whole round of the law or command of one's country. Not what kind of soldiers, or what kind of officers, but what kind of citizens does the country make? is the test of government. Not what church you attend, or what office you fill, or what position you occupy, or how much you say about your religion, is the best proof to the on-looking world of what the Christian faith can do for a man. It is rather the all-round night and day obedience that is observed in your plans and your conduct. Since "the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes," the life that is most obedient to that command will best show to men the power of the Christian faith. And some who will not believe the words of Christ may be led to believe his works. So, again, the glory of obedience is the clear light which it throws upon the transforming power of the gospel.

"Be Wise, Now, Therefore."

By Rev. A. S. Fiske, D.D.

Everybody now wishes he had been wise in the past; perhaps he thinks that he has grown so by a costly experience. Everybody would like to reap the fruits of wisdom. But "foolishness is bound up" in the hearts of us little human children, for none of us is really past childhood. Between seven years and seventy there is no so great difference after all. The shuttle is not so much wiser towards the end of its shot across the web than at the start, and our lives are but the one shot any way.

The "now" up there is important. It is now or never, since we travel this road but once, and the trip is but short.

Wisdom is needed because folly is damaging. Folly is foolish any way. Unwise enterprise in business wrecks things. Unwise maxims in social life hurt. Foolishness in statecraft brings disaster; in morals strands life. A folly of to-day laps over into many to-morrows. Your folly may curse many others. Folly in a trifle entails, may be, immensity of ill to self, others, generations, for earth and—elsewhere and after! Lookout, then, now, and be wise, O ye kings! for that is what ye are—kings! regnant in that splendid kingdom—yourself and co-regent of those other glorious kingdoms of your beloved. Have a care, therefore, that your words and all your works be savored with the salt of a careful wisdom. Thoughtless, heedless living amongst men is acme of folly and crime. A thoughtless word has broken a heart and ruined a life before now. "I didn't think" dropped a match in a waste basket and burned a block worth millions. A moment's carelessness of the switchman drove two trains together and mangled and killed a score of people the other day. More than once a foolish word has flung nations into bloody war. A foolish mother ruins her child, and a foolish child breaks his Father's heart. Be wise, therefore!

A true wisdom views carefully the features of the situation, gets their proportions, relations and perspective, then acts, not on whim or impulse or a guess, but on deliberate judgment. In the conduct of life one tries to get a sane view of what he himself is, for a first thing. If he finds himself a mere animal, for a certainty, with no life but of the body, sense and time, and finds his fellows, past doubt, to be merely that—why, then, eat, drink and be merry to the full, and so long as he can, and, when it all comes to be more a burden and bother than a pleasure, then chloroform and a comfortable end in a dreamless sleep. Only he must get himself past doubt that he is such a thing as that first. Then, so far as such a thing can have any duty, it would be duty to slide as easily as he can out of the world that worries him or which he worries.

Home Circle.

Betake Thyself to Prayer.

When bitter winds of trouble blow,
And thou art tossing to and fro,
When waves are rolling mountain high,
And clouds obscure the steadfast sky,
Fear not, my soul, thy Lord is there,
Betake thyself, my soul, to prayer.

When in the dull routine of life
Thou yearnest half for pain and strife,
So weary of the common place,
Of days that wear the self-same face,
Think softly, soul, thy Lord is there,
And then betake thyself to prayer.

When brims thy cup with sparkling joy,
When happy tasks the hours employ,
When men with praise and sweet acclaim
Upon the highways speak thy name,
Then soul, I bid thee have a care,
Seek oft thy Lord in fervent prayer.

If standing where two pathways meet,
Each beckoning thy pilgrim feet,
Thou art in doubt which road to take,
Look up, and say, "For Thy dear sake—
O Master! show Thy footprints fair—
I'd follow Thee." Christ answers prayer.

The tempter oft, with wily toil,
Seeks thee, my soul, as precious spoil;
His weapons never lose their edge.
But thou art heaven's peculiar pledge.
Though Satan rage, thy Lord is there—
Dear soul, betake thyself to prayer.

—Selected.

The Minister's Henhouse.

Rev. Sigourney Hardwicke of South Hanford was very successful with hens. He had begun with a hen and twelve chickens which a neighbor had given him, and he now had a flock of fifty. Of course, all this had not been accomplished without a severe attack of hen fever, but as the disease did not lead him to neglect his pastoral duties, there was none in his flock—his human flock—who complained of his devotion to the feathered bipeds.

When he had but thirteen, an old dry-goods box, slatted with laths, was a sufficient shelter, and, later, when his hatches averaged eleven to the setting, the woodshed sufficed to house them all; but now, with fifty, the woodshed was sadly inadequate, and unless he could manage to provide a better abode for them before snow flew, his success with fowls would be numbered among the lost arts. Some men would have bought a hammer and a pound or two of nails and would have knocked together a good-enough henhouse, but although the Rev. Sigourney Hardwicke had a hypnotic way of encouraging hens to lay when other folk were vainly clamorous for eggs, and although he could bring the most fractious hen through the period of incubation without any desertion of nest, simply by moral suasion and the force of a good example, he hadn't the slightest skill in the use of tools.

The Rev. Mr. Hardwicke was short and

stout and jolly, and it was said of him that the roosters crowed for joy at the sight of him; and the hens would hurry off to their nests to lay extra eggs for him whenever occasion demanded. He lived alone in the big parsonage—the last incumbent had had thirteen children and a wife—for although he believed, with the Bible, that it is not good for man to be alone, yet he was still waiting for just the right helpmeet.

One morning a few days before Thanksgiving, when to the typical country sounds had been added the pleasant noise of fowls scratching among fallen and crisp leaves, and the air was pungent with autumn smoke, Woodford Upham drove by the parsonage just as the parson came out of the kitchen door to feed his flock. They were all Black Langshans, and as handsome a group of birds as one would be likely to see outside of a poultry show, their merits appealing to layman and fancier alike.

Mr. Hardwicke had a peculiar call for his fowls. "Too-hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo," he sang, in a resonant tenor, and the dusky birds came flocking from all corners of the field, where they had been scratching, to pick up the grain which their master was sowing broadcast. Was his Sunday flock as eager for spiritual sustenance?

Mr. Upham reined up. "Where in tarnation do you keep 'em?" said he, as the mob of fowls pushed and shoved like a human crowd at a public function.

"Well, they keep the woodshed warm holding 'em," said the minister with a chuckle. "I'm thinking seriously of giving up my study to them and taking to the woods myself."

Mr. Upham threw the reins over his horse's ample girth and got out of the wagon.

"They are pretty," said he emphatically. "I used to think that a hen was a hen, but I don't know!"

"Well, I've killed off all my roosters, so they really are hens," said the minister, with a whimsical smile.

"Yes, but I mean I believe there is something in breed. You ought to have a henhouse. Your hens are gettin' themselves talked about a good deal. Mrs. Upham says it does her more good than a sermon to see the way you've managed to make your hens pay. She never has eggs unless they're so plenty it would be scandalous not to, and she often asks me to find out how you manage it."

Mr. Hardwicke stooped over and stroked the greenish-black back of a matron of two summers. "That's it; I manage it. If a hen ought to lay and won't, I tempt her palate with hot food, and I talk to her a little and tuck her in at night, and she generally looks at it my way after a few days. If she's setting, and feels like visiting her neighbors instead of keeping her eggs warm, I talk a little more,

and maybe shut her on her nest for a day or so, and she finally decides to stay by the ship like Captain Lawrence, and so I keep up my average of eleven to a brood. But in the hen business, as in others, eternal vigilance is the price of success."

"But you do need a henhouse," said Mr. Upham, stepping over to the diminutive woodshed and looking in.

"Yes, I do need a henhouse, but I don't suppose that the society would think one a part of my perquisites, as I may not be here for life. There's no telling how long you can stand my sermons."

"Well, I wouldn't make 'em any longer," said Mr. Upham, solemnly; "but I don't know what we would have done for eggs last week when we had my wife's folks out to see us if we hadn't been able to draw on your supply, and I think it's the general opinion that your salary ain't so princely but we can manage somehow to squeeze out enough to put up a henhouse. And if we ever decide to get another minister—why, we'll have to see to it that he keeps hens before we give him a call."

Mortimer Wallace, the Shakesperian reader, had a summer home in South Hanaford, and he had gone in for fancy fowls for a time, but although he had read in Shakespeare that there is a tide in the affairs of men which leads on to fortune, he was out of town when the flood tide came, and so reluctantly decided to sell the Buff Cochins, for which he had paid fancy prices, at the local quotation on fowls, which was fifty cents a head—weight no objection. His last hen sold, he suffered a revulsion of feeling against henkind in general, and he longed to sell his henhouse, that he might forget that hens existed. But to take it up and move it by ox-power would double its cost, and, besides, South Hanaford farmers thought it a trifle too ornate for every-day egg-laying, and so he found no takers, although he set a tempting price upon it. But when Mr. Upham drove away from the minister's he happened to pass the Wallace henhouse, and he immediately thought that here were two wants that offset each other—Mortimer Wallace's wish to be rid of his perpetual reminder of his failure as a fancier, and the minister's desire for an adequate dwelling for his thriving fowls.—[Saturday Evening Post.

A Storm Above the Clouds.

In *St. Nicholas* for March Gen. Frederick Funston tells of a terrible day's experience in fighting a storm above the clouds in the Front Range of mountains in northern Colorado. It was ten years ago, and he had but one companion in his adventure, Mr. Vernon N. Kellogg, now a professor in Stanford University.

Despite the difficulties of the way and the surrounding storm, we made good progress upward, and in half an hour turned to the left

and began working along the side of the mountain.

Here our trials began in earnest. The storm was upon us in all its fury. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and the air was so filled with sleet and fine snow that it was impossible to see more than twenty yards in any direction. There would be an occasional lull in the tumult, when we could take in our surroundings for a moment, but another cloud would envelop us and fill the air with driving torrents of frozen mist.

Hour after hour we struggled on with the nervous, frantic energy born of desperation.

The rocks and snow were covered with ice thin as tissue paper, which caused many a hard fall, and made every step a source of peril. The force of the wind, too, threw us down continually, and we were bruised from head to foot. If we had carried steel-pointed poles instead of guns, they would have been of great service; the latter were now as much hindrance as help, though we were soon to find them useful.

Our hands and faces suffered terribly from the bitter cold, and the former were so numb that we dropped our guns repeatedly. Hair and clothing were matted with ice like a coat of mail. We realized that our progress was very slow, as we had not yet reached the great snow-field extending from timber-line to the summit, the base of which we had crossed in ascending the gorge. On and on we staggered, feeling our way over the slippery surface, and becoming weaker every moment from the hard struggle in the rarefied air of the mountain tops.

While stumbling over a mass of ice-covered boulders, I heard an excited exclamation, and, looking up, saw Kellogg sink down behind a rock which afforded a slight shelter from the icy blast.

When I reached him he looked up and said, "Old boy, this is the worst box we were ever in. I guess we're at the end of our rope!" Both realized that the situation was desperate—almost hopeless. There was no sign of abatement of the storm, and weakened and enfeebled as we were by the long struggle, if we should not be able to cross the steep snow-field when we reached it, death from exhaustion and exposure would be a matter of only a few hours.

We dreaded to think of that snow-field, remembering how steep it had looked as we gazed upward from the bottom that morning, and knowing the condition it must be in now with the newly formed ice on the surface. However, it was thought best to rest a short time, and I lay down by Kellogg.

After a rest of about fifteen minutes we resumed the struggle, weak as before and much cooler; but we had recovered our wind, a hard thing to keep at this altitude.

It was now four o'clock—ten hours since we left camp, and four since the struggle with the storm began. The battle for life could not last much longer.

Slowly and painfully we pushed forward, crawling on all-fours most of the time. I chewed savagely on a piece of tough grouse, the only remains of our dinner.

Would we ever reach the snow-field? A horrible thought crossed my mind. What if we had lost the direction and were going the wrong way? I did not mention my fears to Kellogg. What was the use?

Every few moments we sank down on our faces to recover breath. At such times I found my mind wandering and could not think clearly. Kellogg made several remarks without any particular meaning, and his face had a vacant, sullen look. Almost the last ray of hope was gone. There was no complaining, no whining, only a sort of mad desperation, which made us resolve to keep moving to the last.

Finally, through a rift in the clouds, not fifty yards ahead, we saw the spotless white of the long-looked-for snow-field.

With a feeble shout we pushed forward, but when we reached its edge our worst fears were realized. It was terribly steep, being at an angle of about forty degrees, and the crust was a coating of hard, slippery ice, the thickness of pasteboard. Through a break in the clouds we saw that it extended downward to timber-line, fully 1,500 feet, as steep as the roof of a house and smoother than the smoothest glass. How broad it was we could only conjecture.

As we came up, Kellogg struck the crust with the butt of his gun, and I threw a rock upon the surface, which went sliding down the steep face with terrible velocity.

We looked at each other in despair. "It's no use," I said.

Not a bit," was the answer.

We sat down and talked it over. To retrace our steps was out of the question, and we could not climb to the top of the field, probably a thousand feet, in our weakened condition.

DOWN THE SNOW FIELD.

Suddenly Kellogg leaped to his feet and rushed toward the slippery mass, crying out, "Come on; we've got to do it. I'll take mine this way." Without a second thought, in my hopeless desperation I followed. By using his gun as a brace Kellogg kept his feet; but I slipped and fell on all-fours and began sliding down. In a wild frenzy I tried to drive my bare fingers through the crust, but only succeeded in tearing the skin off them.

Luckily, I had retained my rifle, and by a frantic effort drove it muzzle first through the hard crust and came to a stop, having gone about twenty feet. Had it not been for this fortunate move my body would have been hurled to the bottom of the gorge more than a

thousand feet below, and mangled beyond all semblance of human form.

Looking up at my companion I saw that he had turned away his head, unwilling to be a witness of his horrible fate; but as I called out to him he looked around, and I saw a face so white and horror-stricken that I can never forget it. Cold beads of sweat stood on my forehead, and I felt that my courage was all gone. The experience of that awful moment almost unnerved me, and I was weak and helpless as a little child.

Lying on my face I held on tightly to the rifle driven deep through the crust. How to regain my footing was a puzzle. Kellogg started to come down to me, and it was with difficulty that I persuaded him to desist.

At last I hit on a plan. Holding on to the rifle with one hand, with the other I drew my pocket-knife, and, opening it with my teeth, cut two holes in the crust for my feet, and after much effort stood upright. But we were still in a bad fix. Kellogg called out to me to break holes through the crust for my feet with the butt of the gun. Although not more than twenty feet distant he could hardly make himself heard above the roar of the storm.

But the suggestion was a good one, and proved our salvation. We moved slowly forward, breaking a hole in the ice for each step. It was severe treatment to give valuable guns, but they had to suffer in the best interests of their owners.

Slowly and carefully we moved forward, occasionally stopping to rest and speak words of encouragement to each other, for now we had the first gleam of hope for five long, terrible hours.

Although very weak physically, our minds were much clearer than an hour before, and we even went so far as to chaff each other a little. But we had plenty of fears yet. Once my heart leaped as Kellogg slipped and came down on both knees, clawing frantically at the air; but he regained his feet without difficulty, and we pushed on. Would we ever get across? Every minute seemed an hour.

Kellogg said that, as nearly as he could calculate, we had been floundering about on that man-trap for a week!

But we kept going; the end must come some time, and sure enough it did; and at six o'clock we stepped on the granite boulders again, having been just one hour and ten minutes on that terrible inclined snow-field. Neither of us was much given to demonstration, but there was a hearty handshake and a few things said which sounded all right up there, but might look a little foolish in print.

Christian churches are too generally attempting to defend faith from the world rather than to conquer the world by faith.—[Prof. F. C. Porter.]

The Little Princess Mary.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

She came when we were fast asleep;
 Our mother's little daughter;
 They left her here for us to keep,
 The angel band who brought her.
 The stars were shining in the sky
 When outward swung the portal
 Of heaven, to let the train go by
 Who bore this new immortal.

She has the wee small hands and feet
 That suit a tiny fairy;
 Her little face is pure and sweet,
 Our darling Princess Mary.
 We sit and watch her as she lies
 So silent by the hour;
 We think she must be wondrous wise,
 Yet like a folded flower.

Some day these rose-leaf hands will hold
 A strong man's heart within them;
 And haply some with gems and gold
 Will try their best to win them;
 But sure are we the maiden dear
 Will of her gifts be chary,
 And love alone shall vanquish fear
 And thrall the Princess Mary.

Beyond our ken, but seen by her,
 A presence often lingers,
 And breath of roses and of myrrh
 He wafts from gentle fingers;
 From out the choring cherubim,
 Her guardian angel bending
 Sings soft and sweet her cradle-hymn,
 Our baby's rest attending.

Sweet is our home as days go by,
 Though storms without may gather;
 No clouds obscure our happy sky,
 We praise the great All-Father,
 Who sent us here so rich a prize,
 This bonny little daughter,
 Who on earth's pathway oped her eyes,
 The night the angels brought her.

—*Woman's Home Companion.***Yankee.**

Yankee was a very large and very loud-voiced rooster. Even when he was just out of his shell, he cheeped louder than his brothers and sisters, and when he crowed for the first time, the oldest cock in the barn-yard sadly shook his red-capped head, as if he were thinking that the youngster would soon be king in his place. But it was not to be so, for Yankee was sold to a sea captain, and after many weary weeks of tossing on the ocean, found himself the property of an American gentleman living in Syria. The farm was in a little village, and Yankee was the only American rooster in that part of the country; so he grew fat and proud, and made his voice heard far and near.

Now it so happened that the people of the village went every day for drinking-water to a mountain spring which bubbled up just beyond the last house in the street. There they would meet and talk over the day's doings, and the crops, just as American farmers do in the country stores after the daily work is done. They had all grown to love the pretty spring;

their fathers and mothers had drawn from it, and they expected that their children and grandchildren would do the same.

But there was one man among them who wanted the spring for his very own. He said that it had belonged to his father, who had kindly let the people use it, but now they must come no more; he would build a wall around it to keep them away.

The poor, unhappy people went in great distress to Mr. Hill, the owner of Yankee; what should they do? The well-water in the village was not good to drink: how could they save their precious spring? Mr. Hill went to the judge, who had the decision in his hands, and came back with cheering words for the poor Syrians. He told them to wait patiently till to-morrow. Then the judge and the greedy man would go out to the spring and decide the case.

When Yankee went to roost that night he did not know how long the darkness was to last. Four or five times he woke, and thought it must be day; but no, it was quite dark, so he went to sleep again. If he had only known, it *was* day, but Mr. Hill had ordered the little chicken house to be covered with dark cloths, for he had a plan by which he hoped that Yankee might save the spring.

In the morning the judge and Mr. Hill walked out to the spring, followed by an anxious crowd of people. The man who called the spring his own stood waiting beside it. Nobody noticed that Mr. Hill stood on the edge of the crowd on a little mound, from which his own house and barn-yard could be seen, or that he had his hand behind his back.

After everybody was quiet, the greedy man stepped forward and said to the judge: "If a spring is so far from the centre of a village that a man standing by its waters cannot hear the crowing of a cock in town, does that spring belong to the villagers?"

There was a breathless pause, and, unseen by any one, Mr. Hill waved a handkerchief which he held in his hand. In an instant a servant watching by the chicken-house had thrown open the door; Yankee stepped out and raised his voice in a loud greeting to the sun. Faintly but distinctly came the "Cock-a-doodle-doo" to the ears of the crowd at the spring. And then what a shout of joy went up! The claimant slipped away under cover of the noise, for his question needed no answer now. The spring was saved, and Yankee became the pet of the village.

Customer: Have you any reversible megaphones?

Salesman: "Reversible megaphones?"

Customer: "Yes; the kind that you can use to make sounds inaudible. I want to buy one for the baby."—[Exchange.]

Planting must be done in seed time.

Church News.

Northern California.

Lorin.—There is much encouragement in the work here. Sunday evenings the house is crowded.

San Francisco Plymouth.—Decision Day services will be held Sunday, the 25th. The pastor preached last Sunday in preparation for that day.

Berkeley North.—The pastor has organized a class for all who sincerely wish to become Christians. The Rev. Mr. Mutch's catechism is in use now among the young people. It is highly commended by Rev. Ben F. Sargent, the pastor.

Santa Cruz.—Sunday morning a very impressive service was held in this church. There was no sermon, and the entire time was taken in the reception of new members, baptisms and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Thirty-one united with the church—twenty-eight on confession. Many of these came from the Sunday-school, the fruit of Sunday evening after-meetings and revival meetings held by the Congregationalists and Methodists. The first Chinese child baptized in this city was baptized at last Sunday's service. The Sunday-school had 255 in attendance.

Berkeley First.—The church was elaborately decorated last Sunday in commemoration of the seventh anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. George B. Hatch. Hundreds of call lilies were placed along the front edge of the platform; a tennis net set with sprays of pepper and the pink blossoms of ivy geranium extended back of the pulpit and along the wall on the left of the pulpit, with boughs of delicate white prune blossoms across the choir recess. To the right of the pulpit, on a tennis net stretched to full length, the benediction of the people upon the pastor was expressed in decorated letters—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee"—while opposite the pulpit the people's prayer could be read in the word "Mizpah." Mr. Hatch leaves for his European tour next Monday.

Southern California.

Sierra Madre.—The pastor, Rev. S. C. Kendall, reports an increase of interest among young people, and a large Sunday evening attendance.

Rosedale.—The pastor, in a letter to a friend, written March 2d, says: "Brother Billings has been with us a week, and we are having good meetings—some converts, and hope for more. He stays over another Sabbath."

Los Angeles Park.—The revival work still goes on in this church. The pastor speaks of some remarkable conversions—one of a per-

son surrounded by strong adverse influences coming out in the face of opposition into an earnest Christian activity.

Los Angeles Pico Heights.—Nine persons were expected to join the church March 4th, but because several of these were kept from coming by the rain, the reception of members was deferred. The interest which has been sustained for two or three months still continues. At a prayer-meeting lately held one hundred persons were present.

Los Angeles Olivet.—The church building, enlarged and beautified, is to be dedicated Sunday afternoon, March 18th. Rev. Dr. Day of the First church is to preach the dedication sermon. Supt. Maile will preach at the evening service. On Decision Sunday a call was made upon all the members of the Sunday-school who had decided to begin a Christian life to come forward, and ninety came.

Los Angeles Bethlehem.—Extra meetings are being held here. Evangelist Stewart and wife are assisting the pastor. The interest is growing. It reaches not only children of the Sabbath-school, but persons of different nationalities—some of them victims of the drink curse. The pastor proposes to put into the church a baptistry, because some who come desire immersion. He proposes also to adopt the graded system in the Sabbath-school, copying the plan followed in East Los Angeles church—four grades, a Superintendent for each grade, and classes of six pupils.

Los Angeles Central Avenue.—The church has been greatly revived through the series of meetings lately held. The pastor has been assisted by Rev. J. D. Habbick of Third church, and highly commends his preaching as faithful, earnest and Scriptural. A considerable number of conversions have followed the effort. The work has been characterized by a deep, quiet earnestness—no animal excitement. The faith of the pastor was surprised at a meeting lately held at seeing a man of about eighty years of age go down upon his knees with those who came forward seeking salvation.

Los Angeles.—Rev. J. D. Pettigrew finds encouragement in his effort to gather a Congregational church of colored people; has secured a vacant store, centrally located, for his Sabbath services. His people have secured at a price within their means seats for 200 hearers. These seats were lately removed from a Presbyterian church in that neighborhood to give place for new ones. When Bro. Pettigrew told the Ministers' Meeting of his good fortune in this respect, another brother said, "I wanted those seats—I see now why the Lord didn't let me get them." Supt. Case was present at the first meeting to aid in the organization of a Sunday-school.

Pasadena First.—Sunday, March 4th, two men were received into membership—one a convert of the Chinese Mission. The Chinaman lives on a ranch five miles out of town, off the railroad. He walked all this distance in the pouring rain, in order to make public confession of Christ. Monday, the Y. W. M. S. had its so-called "dollar meeting." Every member brought in a free-will offering for home missions. The sum collected amounted to \$31.25. The meeting was at the parsonage, and the topic committee, as a fitting terminus to a six months' course of study of India, served an Indian tea, of which the main dish was "rice and curry," though many kinds of fruits were served. Tea was poured by one of the ladies in Hindoo costume. . . . Wednesday evening, Dr. Pond, superintendent of Chinese work on the Coast, was with us. The prayer-meeting was given up to the Chinese, who sang and recited Bible verses in addition to addresses by the new Chinese helper in Los Angeles, Mr. Lee Hayne, and Dr. Pond. An appeal being made for funds to carry on the work here through the rest of the year, which closes August 31st, \$80 was subscribed. . . . Thanks to a friend who gave \$250 toward the painting fund that the Aid Society has been trying to raise, now the church rejoices in a new coat of soft grey or stone color.

A Los Angeles friend writes that the town of Lordsburg, of which mention was made in these columns recently, was a boom town, built by a man of many peculiarities, by the name of Lord; that it received its name from him, and not as stated in *The Pacific*. The town came under the control of the Dunkards later, and was not named, or nicknamed, Lordsburg, because of its holiness aspect, but for the reasons here given.

The Congregationalist of March 1st says: "As we look over the columns of our religious exchanges, we are often impressed by evidence that the news which is most welcome gets the most space. Yet, making due allowance for that, it seems to us that accounts of religious revivals have lately much increased in numbers and importance. They are not marked by great excitement. They are reported from widely different sections of the country. Many of them are in progress in schools and colleges. They make prominent the fact of quiet personal surrender of self-will to the will of God and the service of Christ. These things seem to indicate the beginning of a turn of the tide in religious interest. That such a turn is coming we have not the slightest doubt. The demands of God on man's service and devotion are unchanged, and they will not be ignored. Revivals of religion will not cease till waves of human interest in the other great concerns of life finally die out."

Washington Letter.

I. Learned

The C. S. S. & P. S. is offering to do this year more than ever previously in the way of libraries for the smaller Sunday-schools. For some years it has been willing, through its missionary department, but now to such schools as are recommended by the Superintendents and Missionaries, and where the school can not provide any money, and where the gifts will tend to cause greater permanency to the life and interest of the school, it is ready to donate a library consisting of books of its own publications, to the value of ten dollars. Six schools in this state have recently received such libraries. They are, Jensen and Robjohn in Pierce county, Pleasant Valley in Whatcom county, Chico in Kitsap and Bossburg and Marcus in Stevens counties. The examination of the books on their arrival gave the first-named school so much satisfaction that they immediately raised one-half of the cost of the books and forwarded it to Supt. Greene, as a thank-offering to the Society.

Several of the churches of the State have recently purchased the Chapel Hymnal, published by the C. S. S. & Publishing Society, and are finding them an exceedingly valuable book for both public worship on the Sabbath and for use in the social meetings of the church. Spokane Second, Taylor of Seattle, Columbia City and Bellevue, and perhaps others, are using them.

The church at Newport has been using its inclosed and partially finished building since about the first of the year, and have already found it a great convenience as compared with its cramped quarters of the old store building, which was temporarily used.

Missionary Walters and Pastor Davies of Spokane are now assisting Pastor Johnson in some special meetings. A few additions to the church seem to be already assured. This little town is located on the Great Northern Railway where it enters this State from the East. Its station is in Washington, as are most of the newer buildings, but the postoffice is in the old part of the town at the steamboat landing, which is over the line in Idaho. All mail matter intended for our church in Newport, Wash., must be addressed to Newport, Idaho.

Mr. W. M. Spain, a layman recently settled at Gate City in Thurston county, is preaching very acceptably to the little church at Minna and to the congregation gathering at Gate, in connection with our Sunday-school there.

The church at West Seattle has just prepared a place of temporary worship, and has purchased centrally located lots in that flourishing suburb of Seattle, at a cost of six hundred dollars. One member of the church contributed four hundred dollars for that purpose.

They are planning on the 18th to organize a Sunday-school on a strictly denominational basis, through which they expect to have larger success in their work for the young people.

The church at Everett received twenty-four additions on the 4th instant. The growth of the town is locating many of the recent comers on the bayside of that city, and it seems likely that we shall need to purchase lots and erect another church within a year. Lots have already been selected, and nearly money enough subscribed to pay for them.

Plymouth church, Seattle, received ten additional members on the 4th instant.

Pastor Raven of the Taylor church has been suffering from an attack of acute neuralgia during the past week, but is now recovering and expects to be able to preach on the 11th. We were pleased recently to receive a call from Pastor James of Port Angeles, while on a visit to the Queen city. He reports his work as fairly prosperous, with much to encourage.

Seattle, March 10th.

East Washington Notes.

By Iorwerth.

There continues to be an unusual interest at Chewelah. Rev. Edmund Owens has received ten into the church on confession of faith since the first of January. Special meetings have been held and still continue at Springdale. Rev. J. D. Jones of Medical Lake and General Missionary T. W. Walters have been the preachers.

Superintendent A. J. Bailey spent nearly a week in this region, visiting Colfax and Rosalia, preaching at the latter place last Sunday. Rev. Wm. Davies is now at Newport, aiding Rev. A. R. Johnson in a series of meetings. He will be followed by Rev. T. W. Walters.

Rev. J. Edwards visited Wallace, Kellog and Wardner, Idaho, last week. He preached Sunday morning and evening respectively at Kellog and Wardner. A company of more intelligent and earnest Christian workers it would be difficult to find. Despite discouragements our church has a large constituency at Wardner and Wallace. The people are tremendously in earnest about building churches, and all they need is leadership. Bishop Wells of Spokane being at Wardner last week, and having said that there was no probability of their sustaining the work, the ladies of our church approached him on the matter of using the church for a Sunday-school, and he cheerfully gave the use of it; and on Sunday, the 4th, a Congregational Sunday-school was organized with thirty-five scholars and teachers. This school and the one at the school house at Kellog will meet the needs for the present. Both are well officered. It was the priv-

ilege and pleasure of the writer to express to the magnanimous bishop our grateful acknowledgement for the courtesy. He readily admitted that we had a field for work at Wardner. All that it needs now, with God's blessing, is a strong and consecrated minister. It is surprising that the officers of the Home Missionary Society fail, apparently, to see the importance of the field. We are confident that it is not second in need and importance to that of Klondike, or in promise of results, if it is supplied with the right kind of workers.

Rev. J. J. Huleen of the Swedish church has been at Beer Creek, Idaho, and with Rev. M. E. Anderson conducted a series of meetings with encouraging results. This church is consulting the Swedish professor at Chicago with reference to securing a pastor.

The Swedish church, this city, has completed the improvements—kalsomining, painting, etc.—in the interior of the building, and all is paid for. They expect to paint the exterior of the church as soon as possible.

Dr. Wallace of the Westminster church is delivering a series of Sunday evening discourses on "Christianity in the Works of the Great Artists." They have drawn large congregations. The Doctor and his family are now quite settled in the parsonage.

The church at Medical Lake has received eighteen members as the result of the series of meetings held and the faithful labors of the pastor, Rev. J. D. Jones.

Spokane, March 10th.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

Anent the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress much may be said, and all in its favor, provided the time of meeting is wisely chosen. The place or places selected by the committee can not but meet with approval, as set forth in the provisional program; but there is grave objection to the date, at least among us of this northern latitude, and we certainly want to be counted in. The representation from Washington and Oregon will perforce be very small if the meeting is held in May, because that is one of the very busy months in church work, as well as in all lines of business. If it could be put off until some time in July, say the 10th or thereabouts, then many would attend and afterwards take their vacation. While I have but little opportunity to consult with Congregationalists in this vicinity, and farther north, yet knowing the conditions surrounding their work as I do, it is safe to say that the attendance in July would be much larger than in May. The problems all up and down this Coast are very much the same, and it would seem to be to the interest of the kingdom that the largest possible attendance of representative Christian laymen

and-ministers should be secured. In the word "laymen" the women should be included.

In the notice of the Pacific Coast Council of 1888 the name of Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D., who attended that meeting, was inadvertently left. This correspondent, as well as multitudes all along this Coast, rejoice that he is still hale and hearty, and capable of looking over the broad field of his early labors, with the consciousness that, under God, there is some evidence of the harvest now apparent as a result of his early and faithful seed-sowing.

The Sunday-school of the Hingham (Mass.) Congregational church recently made a donation of money towards the work of Rev. R. A. Rowley, of the C. S. S. & P. S. in this State. The money was expended for a Sunday-school library and was given to a needy school in a mountainous district fifty miles east of Salem. The children and people of the neighborhood were fairly ravenous for the library, and were very thankful for the gift. A supply of twenty-five pounds of reading matter, consisting of magazines and choice illustrated papers, was given by Mr. Rowley in addition.

The Society has authorized the engagement of Mr. Mark Munson for a part of this year, as a summer helper in the Sunday-school work, and he will begin his active effort on April 1st. He is a very earnest and efficient man, and always does good work wherever he goes.

Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, Supt. C. H. M. S., conducted services in the Sunnyside church this morning, and in the Mississippi Avenue church this evening.

Pastor Staub welcomed an assistant in his household a few months ago in the person of a brand-new daughter. She sings soprano by inheritance, and is becoming a most important personage in the eyes of her little three-year-old brother.

The First church of this city is planning to hold special services every night during Easter week.

While all the services in the Mississippi Avenue church are better attended than ever before in its history, the Sunday-school is pre-eminent in its average attendance, and taxes the capacity of the church to its utmost.

There came to the hand of the writer during the past week, in connection with the Oregon Historical Society, three very interesting books, connected with the early missions of Oregon, viz., a Douay Bible, "presented by Rev. P. J. De Smet to Dr. M. Whitman"; Paley's Theology, presented to Rev. Jason Lee, in Stamford, Lower Canada, in February, 1839; and a Bible bearing upon its fly-leaf, "H. H. Spalding, Clearwater, 1837," in his own handwriting. Another highly important accession was received the past week, being "Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation," from the original manuscript, some-

times incorrectly called the "Log of the Mayflower," and gives a history of Plymouth Colony from its inception up to 1647.

This is the week that Rev. Charles H. Sheldon will edit a daily paper in Topeka, Kansas, as he thinks Christ would edit a paper if he were on earth. Whatever Mr. Sheldon may be, no one who met him at the National Council in 1898 would take him for a sensation-monger; yet already before an issue has been struck, the announcement that he would edit a paper for one week to the best of his ability, according to his ideals, has created a profound sensation in all the English-speaking world. Whatever else Mr. Sheldon may do, it may be surmised that the paper he edits will be pure and wholesome; will be truthful and considerate; will be charitable, yet true to principle in all respects; and will not be so far above the heads of the people but that any able, conscientious man may go and do likewise, with benefit to the community in which he lives, as well as profit to himself.

March 11, 1900.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

By Aloha.

Since the invitation given last week to our pastors and friends to attend the Saratoga Blossom Festival, the S. P. R. R. Co. have put generous hands to the work and will make one fare for the round trip, i. e., \$1.65 to Los Gatos and return. The train will leave Oakland and San Francisco at 8:15 a. m., and return from Los Gatos at 3:18. Tickets will be on sale at the Grand Hotel Office and at the Ferry, in Oakland at the Fourteenth Street Station, and at the Park Street Station in Alameda. Insist on getting the Blossom Festival Excursion Ticket, so as to save any trouble.

Will Carriages Surely Be Provided?

Not carriages for all. Carriages so far as possible. But clean farm and fruit wagons, with strong, gentle horses, will furnish no mean comfort, if eyes are full of beauty, ears full of bird's songs and fragrant blossoms satisfy all sense. The Hume Rancho alone will be responsible for fifty passengers, and the Sorosis for twenty-five. But friends must notify Rev. F. B. Perkins, at 600 Seventeenth street, or Mr. Burton Palmer, at the Seminary, or us at Saratoga; and we must know by telephone when the train leaves Alameda how many to provide for. We rally for a praise meeting in Saratoga at the Christian church early in the morning, and shall ask God to bless our coming guests.

How to Enjoy It.

Come in garments of praise and pure pleasure. Bring happy hearts. Bring lunch baskets unless you prefer to pay a small price for-

a dinner. Coffee will be free. We have two barrels of soda water promised. Bring your wheels, cyclers. The Railroad Company will check them. Already the local interest in Saratoga has shed the light of five new street lamps promised for our streets.

"Always more to follow." Write us you are coming.

The Attractions of the Christian Ministry for Educated Young Men.

By Rev. A. H. Barahisel.

Perhaps never before, certainly never in our country, has there been so large a percentage of college-trained men; and never before has there been among college students so small a percentage studying for the ministry. The ministry is no longer the learned profession.

When the great New England colleges were young they sent out their graduates to preach the gospel. Harvard and Princeton and Yale would doubtless never have been founded but for this purpose. The graduates of the great universities of to-day go out to build bridges, survey forests and classify unheard-of fishes. University men are behind counters, in all manner of shops, in business, in politics, in the field. The professions are crowded with men presenting college diplomas. But when a university student is found to have a mind to the ministry, if he have any personal qualities, and especially if he have any brains, the students feel sorry for him and the professors whisper to his friends that 'tis a great pity for the young man to throw himself away. Whoever has breathed the atmosphere of the modern university knows that the gospel ministry has very few attractions for the multitudes of college men. We should expect it to be so, for the multitudes of college men are very mildly Christian.

But in every college there is a royal band of Christian men, reared in Christian homes, full of earnest convictions and not ashamed of Christ in college. It is from this body of fearless, manly, Christian college men that the church must recruit its ministerial forces. Just here is matter for concern. This class of young men to whom the church is looking is less and less attracted to the ministry. Earnest, vigorous, Christian young men, with gifts of mind and heart and person, with every seeming qualification for making grand preachers and pastors, are studying law or medicine, or are working for some professor's chair.

Why not preach the gospel of Christ? Why not be a physician for the cure of souls? Why not aspire to be a teacher of that truth which is the same yesterday, to-day and forever?

Never did the ministry present so many attractions to strong young men. The world and the church have never asked so much of the minister as it does to-day, but it has never

offered so much. No sphere of work in life presents such inspiring opportunities to bring out the best powers that are in the man, and direct them to a greatest good to men.

The great educational problems, while enlarging in their scope, are narrowing down to the fundamental problems of life, and law, and faith, and God. These living themes are the very heart of the minister's life and work. The great social problems, with their patent medicine cure-all doctors, are waiting as never before for the law of Christ's gospel. The political problems look in vain to the systems of education to give hope of solution. They are of the earth, and will be encumbered with the earth until they are transformed by the kingdom of heaven. Unto all these problems that bewilder the world the Christian ministry is called to speak forth, not as a man, not as a college man, not as a learned man, but as a voice which speaks with the authority of God.

We read the signs everywhere that the twentieth century will be marked by the practical application of Christian principles and spirit to social life. In this crowning work of Christ's kingdom the minister will be called upon to take a leading part, because the minister among public men stands almost alone in his liberty to speak the unvarnished truth, and throw his whole weight and power of influence, independent of party influences, unhampered by questions of prudential policy, to the side of principle, divine law and eternal right.

If strong, purposeful, Christian college men, who are blessed with qualities that are born to rule, who believe that the world really needs the gospel of Christ, who are eager to be used of God for purposes of largest good, would stop and reflect, they would be convinced that the gospel ministry is a place of largest liberty and most inexhaustible resources for reaching and moulding and uplifting men.

But the young man who enters the ministry must expect to "throw himself away." The ministry of Christ is the ministry of the Cross. This must be the supreme attraction. Whoever is attracted for any other cause will find himself mistaken in his calling. Like John, the minister must decrease, in order that Christ and his gospel may increase. The power of the ministry is not in the man behind the pulpit, but in the gospel of Christ and him crucified which is behind and before and within the man.

Los Gatos, March 2, 1900.

It was said of one that as he prayed he spoke as if God was near, and talked with him so really and confidingly, that those who were beside him found themselves almost looking around to see where God was.—[Taylor.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

Mr. Ira D. Sankey sang "Some Time We'll Understand" and "The Ninety and Nine" before a congregation which filled the church of the Covenant, and then gave a short history of the two hymns, which he has helped to make popular all over the civilized world. The first was published anonymously, and it was not until after he had sung it for years that he learned it was written by Rev. Maxwell N. Cornelius, formerly pastor of the Eastern Presbyterian church of this city. Major Whittle wrote the chorus and the whole was set to music by Mr. McGranahan. One of the first occasions upon which Mr. Sankey sang the hymn in public was at the memorial service, in Edinburgh, in honor of the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the Prince of Wales. Lord Overtoun, who was present, was so moved by the hymn that, in his account of the services sent to the Princess of Wales, he telegraphed it entire, and from that time its popularity began and has gone on, increasing all the time. It was when he was in Washington five years ago, with Mr. Moody, that Mr. Sankey first learned the name of its author. The history of "The Ninety and Nine" is even more interesting. In 1873, while on a railway train between Glasgow and Edinburgh, Mr. Sankey read a poem in a newspaper the first line of which was "There were ninety and nine that safely lay." He was impressed by the poem, and cut it out. By a singular coincidence, that evening, in Edinburgh, Mr. Moody spoke on "The Lost Sheep," and when he concluded turned to Mr. Sankey and asked him if he could

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Critical Times for Girls.

The first critical period in a woman's life comes at the passing of her girlhood. In nine cases out of ten where disease fastens itself upon her it does so at the line of demarcation between girlhood and womanhood. How to preserve the daughter's health—how to ward off disease at this crisis is the problem that confronts every mother of girls.

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are the best remedy to use at this critical period. Read this sworn statement of Mrs. J. M. Riggs, of Carterville, Mo.

"My daughter Josie during the winter of 1897-98 suffered a complete break-down in health. She was thin and pale, had no appetite—in fact, some days barely tasting her food. Those who knew her condition said she was going into a decline.

"On the advice of a neighbor, we began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The effect on her condition was marvelous. Before she had taken half a box her condition was improved, and she kept on gaining appetite, strength and flesh until she was entirely well. She took three boxes of the pills and to-day there is not a healthier, more robust looking girl in Carterville. She is fleshier and healthier than ever before in her life."

MRS. J. M. RIGGS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me a Notary Public, this 15th day of October, 1898.

WILLIAM WOLCOTT, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' Dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness, in either male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

not sing something which would be especially appropriate and in keeping with the sermon. Mr. Sankey thought a moment, then walked to the organ, and taking the newspaper poem from his pocket, spread it before him. He says the music seemed to come by inspiration as he touched the keys, and he sang the poem, which thrilled the great audience. That night he wrote out the music, without the change of a note, just as he had improvised it as he sang the words for the first time, and just as it has since been sung by millions. That Mr. Sankey has lost none of his popularity in Washington may be judged

from the fact that several hundred persons had to be turned away from this meeting.

The liquor question in the Philippines is still attracting attention in Congress. The War Department has not yet prepared the answer to the resolution adopted by the Senate, asking the number of saloons that have been established in Manila since U. S. occupation of the city; who conducts these saloons, who patronize them, the kind and qualities of liquors sold; the number, if any, of saloons run on the American or English plan in Manila before our occupancy, and whether it is within the power

of the President as Commander-in-Chief of our military forces to suppress all saloons in Manila and prohibit and prevent the sale of liquor to our soldiers. Representative Giller of Massachusetts has introduced a bill "to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Philippines," which he thinks would drive the saloon out of business. It prohibits the sale of distilled or intoxicating liquor in quantities less than twenty gallons, except on a physician's prescription for medicinal purposes, under severe penalties.

Mr. Frank M. Oper of Chicago, editor of a well-known Y. M. C. A. paper, gave the local Y. M. C. A. some vigorous ideas on the sort of robust Christianity he believes in during the delivery of a short address. Said he: "I am afraid that a great many strong men stay away from the churches for the reason that religion in them is conceived in such an effeminate way. They are often given over to too much singing and sentiment, and it often fails to appeal. What we want is an element of the heroic and brave in our conception of religion. Our religion should not be like the conceptions of Christ that painters have had for the past thousand years. In most paintings Christ is pictured as effeminate, weak and watery-eyed, and appears to be making an appeal for sympathy."

Mrs. Mary C. Lawton, widow of Gen. H. W. Lawton, is in Washington. Yesterday afternoon, in the private office of the president of the bank in which the contributions for Mrs. Lawton and her children were deposited, she wrote and signed the following receipt, which

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speaks for itself: "Received from Brig. Gen. H. C. Corbin, Adjutant General U. S. Army, Treasurer of the Lawton Fund, ninety-eight thousand four hundred and seven dollars and seven cents, being the amount subscribed by the people of the United States for the benefit of Gen. Lawton's widow and children." Besides the money, the committee turned over to Mrs. Lawton all the letters received from subscribers to the fund, many of which contain tributes to the character of General Lawton, which will make them family treasures for all time.

NEAL DOW AS A FIREMAN.

Liquor dealers do not feel at all friendly to any one who attacks their business, and it is no wonder they hated Gen. Neal Dow, who did so much to create a sentiment against liquor selling and liquor drinking. When Gen. Dow was a young man he was at one time chief of the fire department of the city of Portland, Maine. The liquor dealers were greatly opposed to him and did all in their power to have him removed from office. They said he was incompetent for the position, careless of the lives of the men, and they made such a fuss that a hearing was given, when it was found that Mr. Dow was just the opposite of what they declared him to be. One fireman testified that the chief told him to take the pipe which he was holding and go into a place of great danger. The man refused, because he declared no man could live there.

"What did Mr. Dow do then?" was the question asked the witness.

"He snatched the pipe from my hands and told me to 'clear out!'"

"What happened then?"
"He took it into the fire himself."

The witness was asked no further questions. Indeed, no more were necessary. — [Temperance Banner]

It is when we feel all broken up and wasted, and that we can only bring the bits to God, that he says, "Come," and he will take us and mend us and make us whole again. — [Mrs. Whitney.]

If ever superstition could find excuse, it would be when the expectant mother, calendar in hand, ponders the fortunate days and hopes that the baby's birthday may fall on a luckytime. It is natural to wish the best of fortune for those we love. Why not *will* fortune as well as *wish* it for the child?



The greatest fortune any mother can bestow on her child is a healthy body and a happy mind, and with this great fortune every mother may endow the child if she will. The child's stock of health is what the mother supplies. The weak and worried woman has a very slender stock of health to bestow on the baby.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes mothers healthy and happy. It does away with the misery of morning sickness. It strengthens the nerves, gives the body a feeling of buoyancy, makes the mind cheerful, gives vigor and elasticity to the organs peculiarly feminine, and baby's advent to the world is free from danger and painless.

"My first two babies were still-born, and I suffered every thing but death," writes Mrs. Euphemia Falconer, of Trent, Muskegon Co., Mich. "I was reduced to 100 pounds. When I was three months along with my third child I was taken with hemorrhage or flooding and came near having a miscarriage from female weakness. For two months I was under the care of our doctor, but was getting weaker all the time until I sent and got three bottles of Favorite Prescription. I improved, fast and continued to take your medicine until baby was born, and he is healthy and all right. My health has been good ever since. I now weigh 165 pounds."

There is no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain any opium or other narcotic.

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GLEANINGS.

Songs of triumph are only possible to the sons of tribulation.

Jehovah says: "When I see the blood I will pass over you." So ever will the God of judgment pass over the soul marked with the blood of the spotless Lamb.—[Newhall.

Stop praying for the conversion of the whole world while you lay hold and help save a soul or two on your street. That will count.

We will march boldly into this wilderness, for the pillar of fire and the cloud will never leave us.—[Spurgeon.

There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men; that is, not by concealing what we do or say, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed.—[Pope.

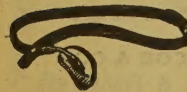
Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of Blake, Moffit & Towne will be held at the Company's office, No. 55 to 61 First street, San Francisco, on Monday, March 19, 1900, at 11 a. m., for the election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting.

A. G. Towne, Secretary.
San Francisco, March 3, 1900.

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